

№ 22

SEPTEMBER

GIGGLE

COMICS

10¢



KEN HULTGREN



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DROOPY^{THE} DRIP



SUPERKATT

HURRAY
FOR
SUPERKATT!

YAY!

OUR
HERO

YIPPEE!!

WELCOME
TO OUR CITY

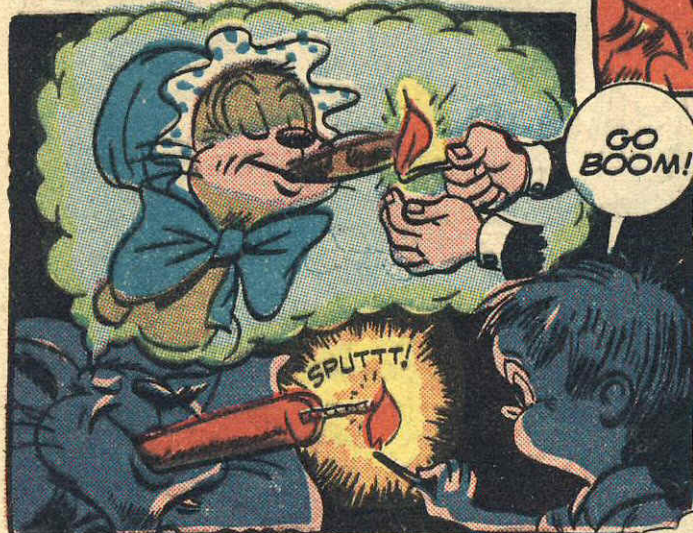




I'VE MISPLACED THE KEY
TO THE CITY! BUT HERE...
HAVE A CIGAR, ANYWAY!

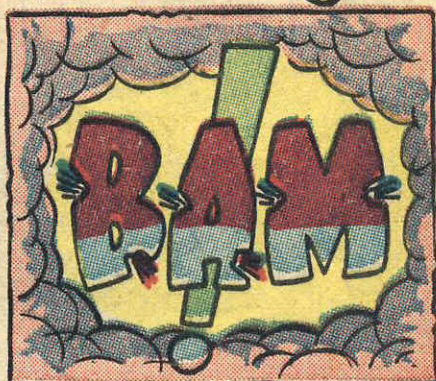


THANK YOU,
YER HONNER!



GO
BOOM!

SPUTT!

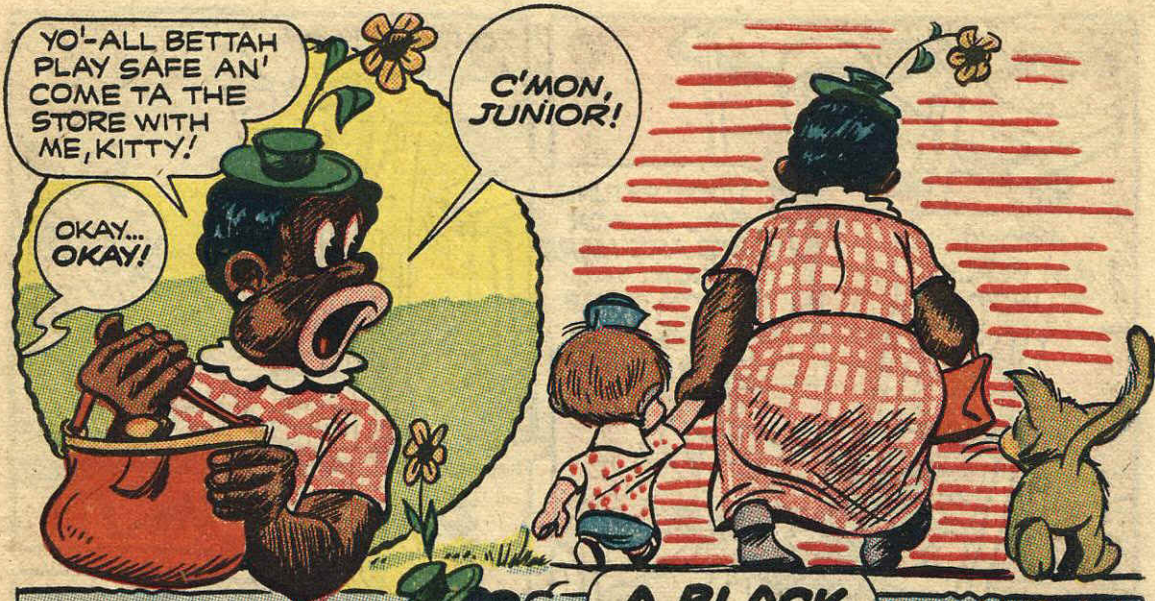


HELP! HELP!! THE
MAYOR'S A SABATOOR!!
HELP!

DEM DREAMS OF
GLORY AM GONNA KILL
YOU, FIRST THING
YO'-ALL KNOWS!

U-HUH!
YEAH!!

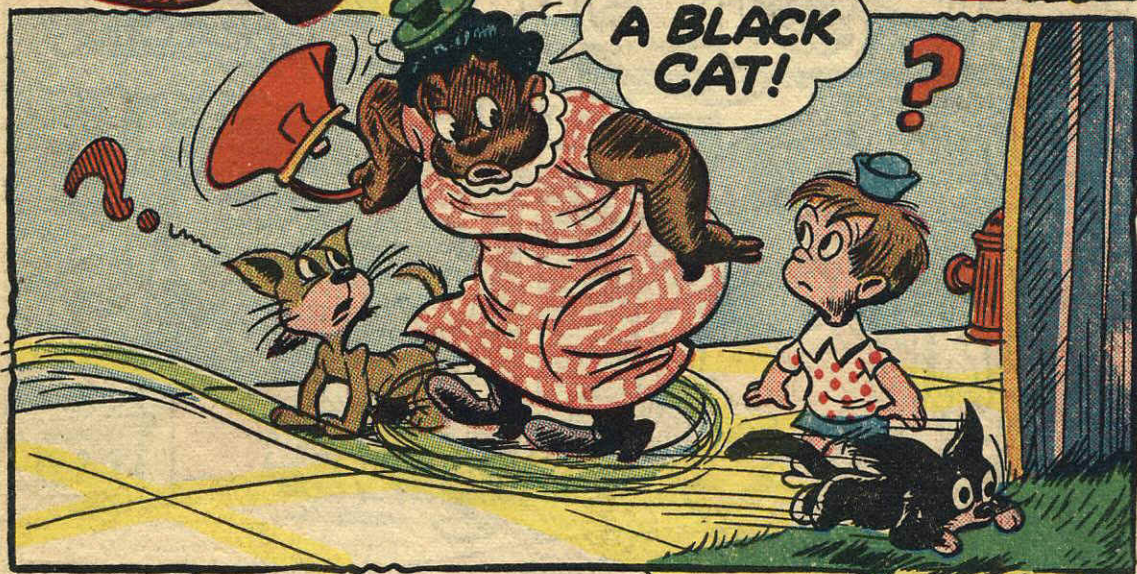




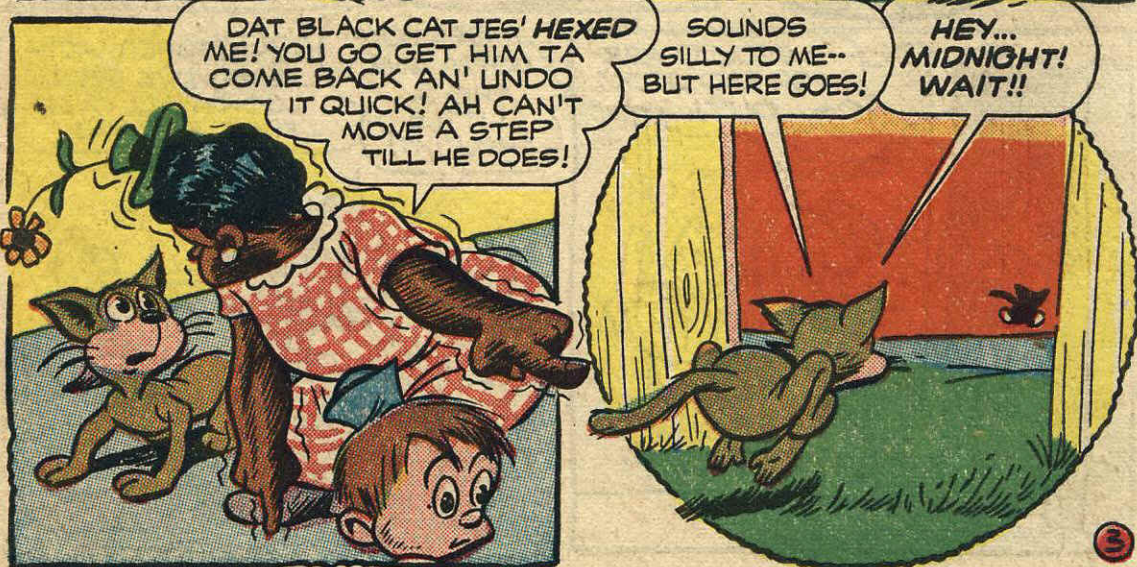
YO'-ALL BETTAH
PLAY SAFE AN'
COME TA THE
STORE WITH
ME, KITTY!

C'MON,
JUNIOR!

OKAY...
OKAY!



A BLACK
CAT! ?



DAT BLACK CAT JES' HEXED
ME! YOU GO GET HIM TA
COME BACK AN' UNDO
IT QUICK! AH CAN'T
MOVE A STEP
TILL HE DOES!

SOUNDS
SILLY TO ME--
BUT HERE GOES!

HEY...
MIDNIGHT!
WAIT!!



OOPS!

SUPPOSE
I AM BLACK?
SO WOT?

LOOK! PETUNIA
SAYS **BLACK**
CATS ARE HARD
LUCK! YA
GOTTA COME
BACK AN!...



OH, WELL! LET'S
GO AND--

GLUB!

CLUNK!



AT ANY OTHER TIME
I COULD LAUGH
MYSELF SICK
OVER SUMPIN'
LIKE THIS!

CLEANING & PRESSING

HEY, MR. TAILOR---
'KIN YA DYE THIS
WHITE CAT **BLACK**
FOR ME? 'KIN YA,
HUH?

WE
DYE
ANYTHING
ANY
COLOR

?

TAIL

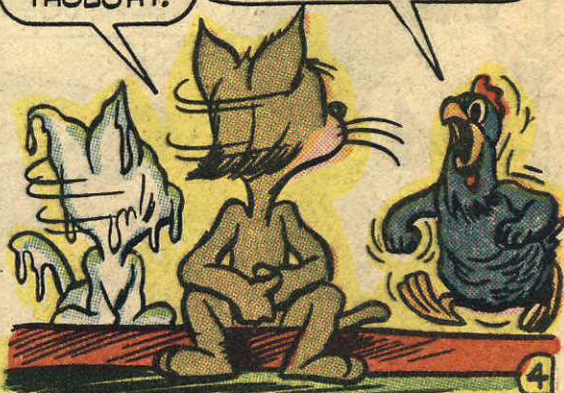


I SHOULD ASK
FOR BAD LUCK?
OUT!

TAILORING

LESSEE, NOW--
I GOTTA GIVE
THIS A
LITTLE
THOUGHT!

HELP! SUPERKATT--
...PUFF... I'VE BEEN...
LOOKIN' ALL OVER
...PUFF... FOR YA!



LAY OFF, MRS. HEN!
RIGHT NOW I GOT MY
OWN PROBLEMS--AN'
THEY COMES *FIRST!*

OH, PLEASE,
SUPER---
YA GOTTA!

NOPE!

THAT'S YOUR
FINAL WORD?

YEH!

C'MON,
MID-
NIGHT!

I HATE TO
CONTRADICT
YOU, BUT--

WAF!

--EITHER YOU'LL BE
SUPERKATT...OR MY
LITTLE GIRL WILL BE
CHICKEN SOUP!

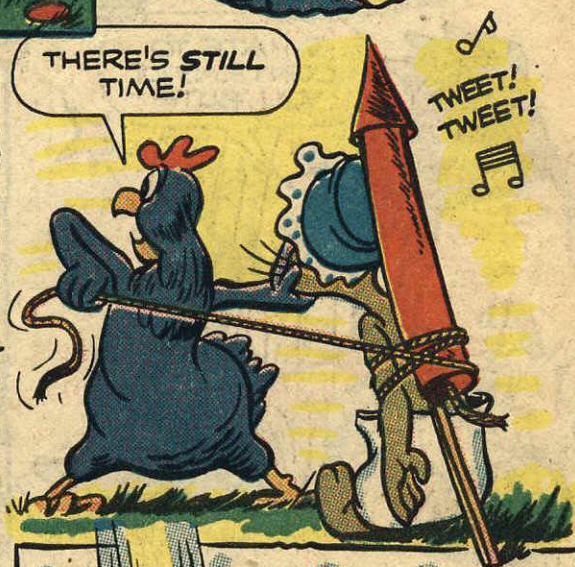
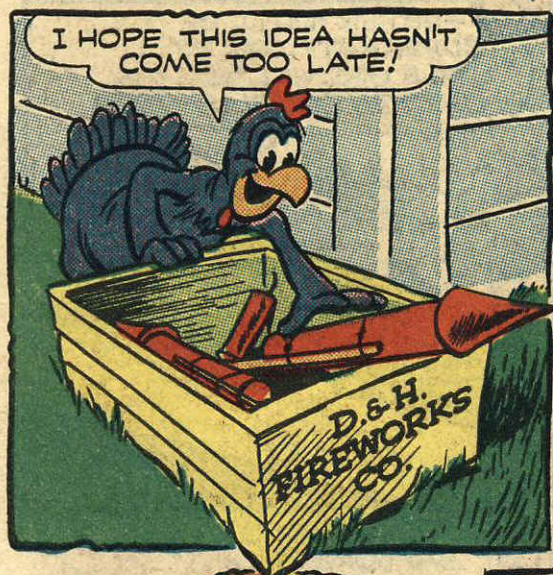
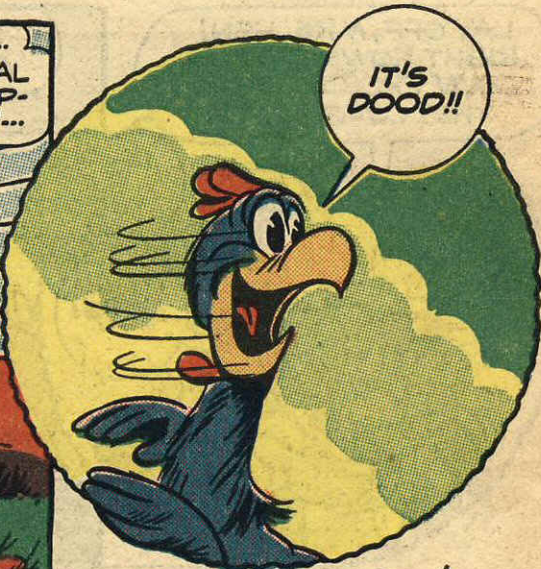
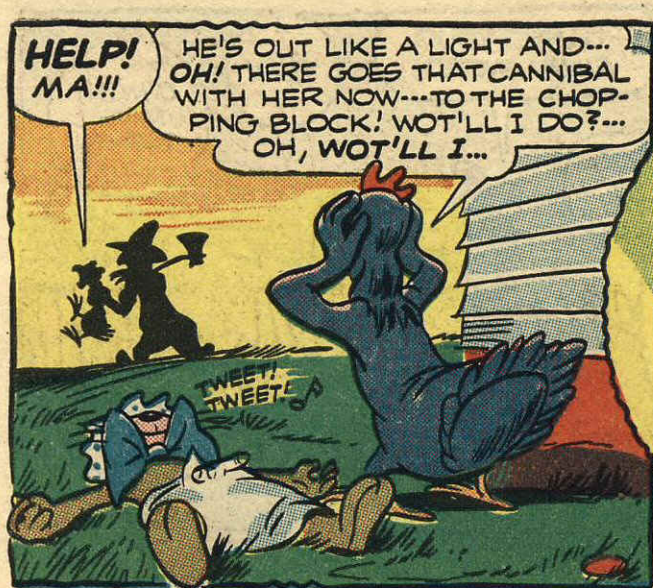
TWEET!
TWEET!

NOW TO HELP
HIM DON HIS
SUPER-COSTUME,
AN'---

TWEET!
TWEET!

SUPERKATT!!
SAY SOMETHING!
PLEASE! YOU CAN'T
LET ME DOWN
AT A TIME LIKE
THIS!!

TWEET!
TWEET!



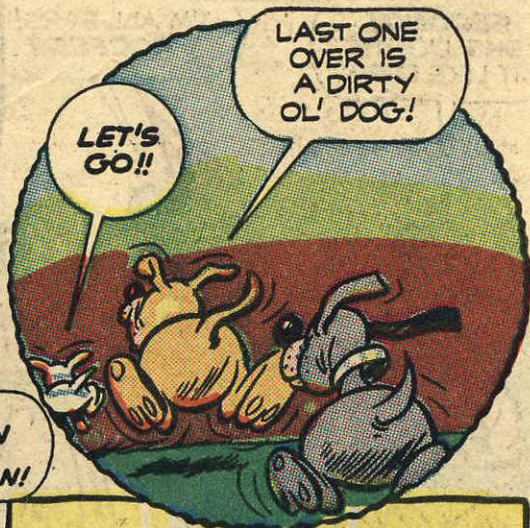


HEY...
LOOK!

IT'S A
B-29!

IT'S A
CARAMEL
SUNDAE!

NOPE! IT'S
SUPERKATT...ON
ANOTHER
MIGHTY MISSION!



LET'S
GO!!

LAST ONE
OVER IS
A DIRTY
OL' DOG!



WOODMAN--ER--
SPARE THAT NECK!
TOUCH NOT A
SINGLE--WELL,
YOU GET THE
IDEA! **HELP!!**



I'M
FREE!!

BLAM!



---BUT I TELL YA I
DON'T *KNOW*! I
WISH I KNEW HOW
I DID IT MYSELF---
HONEST!

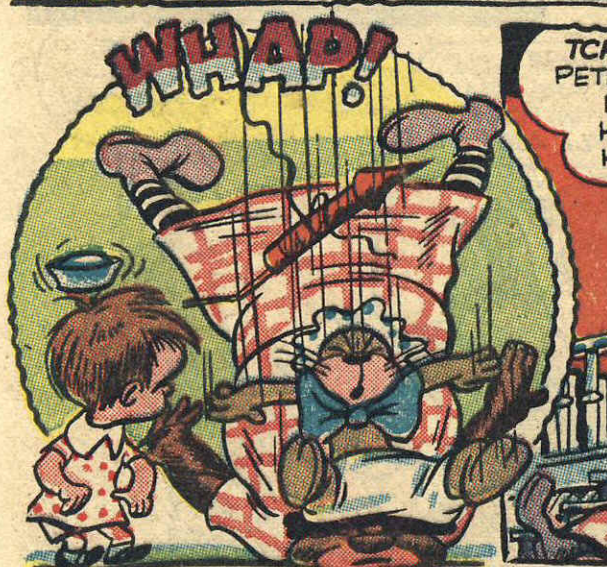
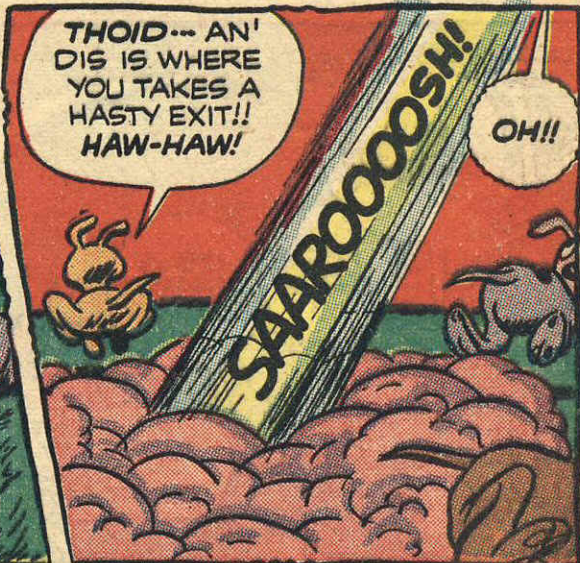
HEY!! I
KNOWS! I
SEEN HOW
IT WUZ
DONE!

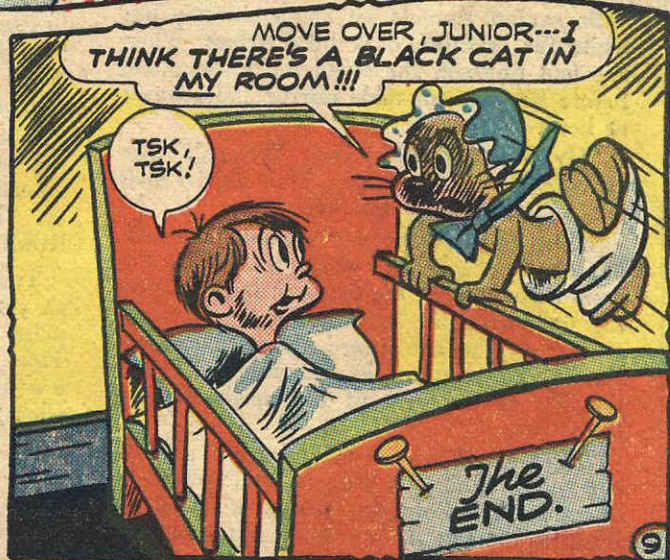
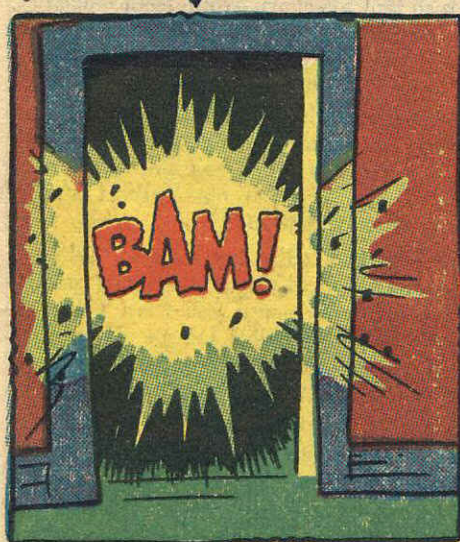
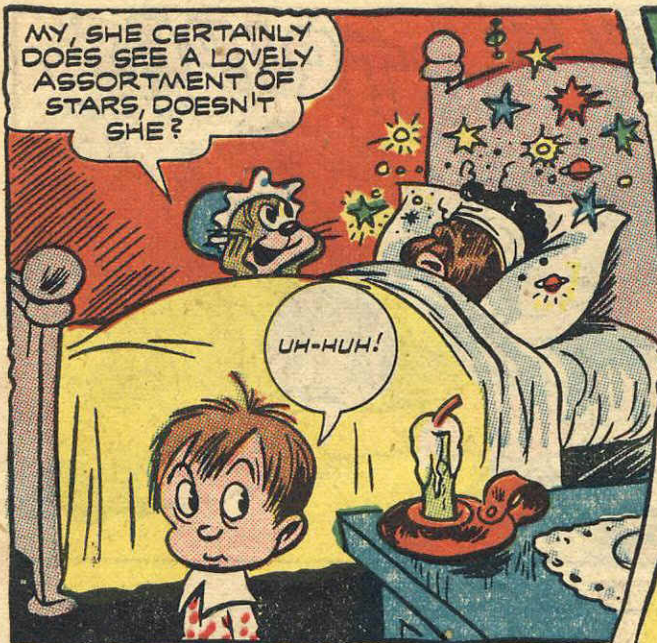
YOU *DID*? WELL,
WOT ARE YOU
WAITIN' FOR?
TELL ME!

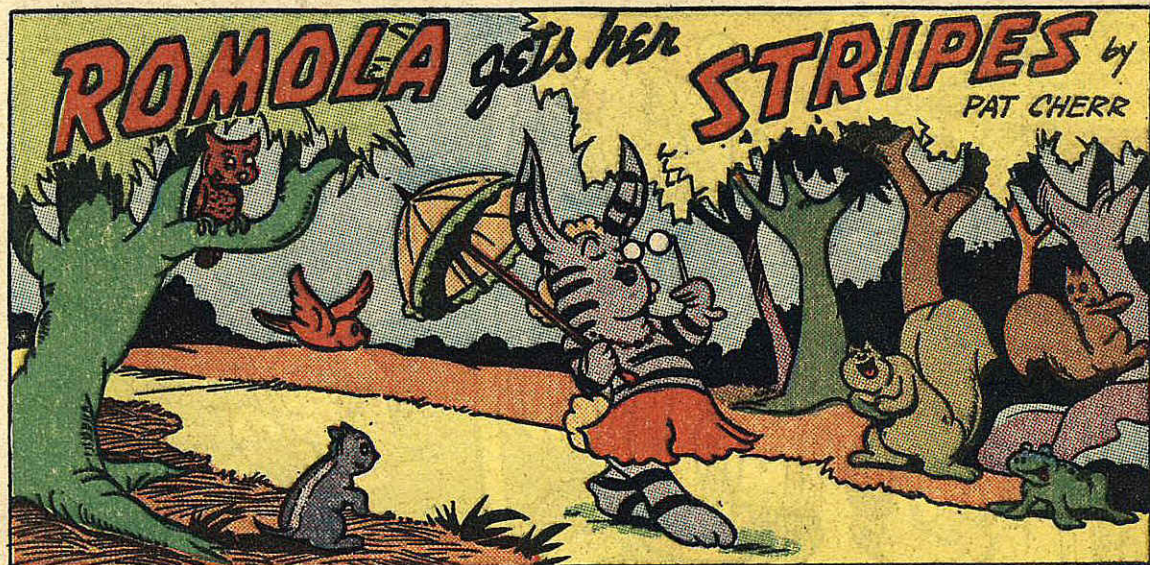
FOIST! SHE
TIES ONE O'
DESE HERE
NOW GADGETS
TO YA LIKE
DIS, SEE---

YES,
YES---
GO ON!!









"OH, the whiteness of me!" sorrowed Romola Rabbit. "The monotonous pinkness and *whiteness* of me!"

Romola was a perfectly beautiful rabbit, all covered with lovely, soft fuzz, but she hated every bit of it. What Romola hankered after was G-L-A-M-O-R!

"I'm so . . . so *drab*-looking!" she would complain, surveying herself in the mirror. "The leopard has polka dots and the zebra has stripes, but what have I got? Absolutely nothing! I'm *sick* of me!"

The longer Romola surveyed herself, the more disgusted she became. Finally, she decided to throw caution to the winds! "Let them call me a peroxide rabbit," she said, "let them call me a beauty parlor beauty! See if I care! I'm going to have *stripes*!"

So saying, Romola set about painting her white fur in short, dark little stripes. When she had finished, she stood for a long time before her dressing-table mirror and beamed at her reflection.

"My, I'm quite the 'Tiger Woman'!" she mused. "*Exotic*, that's me! Wait until I step out on the avenue tomorrow!"

When tomorrow came, Romola hastened out on the "avenue", which was really the main path through the forest. Mincing coyly, she took her time in order to let everyone see her well as she passed along. "I can see I'm making quite an impression!" she thought, as the eyes of her neighbors followed her.

"Impression" was right! Everyone giggled and snickered at silly Romola, who took their attention for admiration. Rhoda, a friend of Romola, thought the whole thing too ridicu-

lous for words. She decided to teach Romola a lesson!

Skipping over to Tyrone Tiger's house, Rhoda knocked at the door. Then she entered the house and had a long, confidential chat with Tyrone. And a plan was made!

As Romola Rabbit, feeling more irresistible and alluring by the minute, strolled slowly, she said to herself, "Oh, the beauty of me! The wonderful whiteness and *stripiness* of me! EEEEEK!"

That last remark was a squeek of fright. For suddenly, terrifyingly, a huge paw swept down and scooped Romola off the ground. When she had enough courage to open her eyes, she looked directly into the green, menacing eyes of Tyrone Tiger!

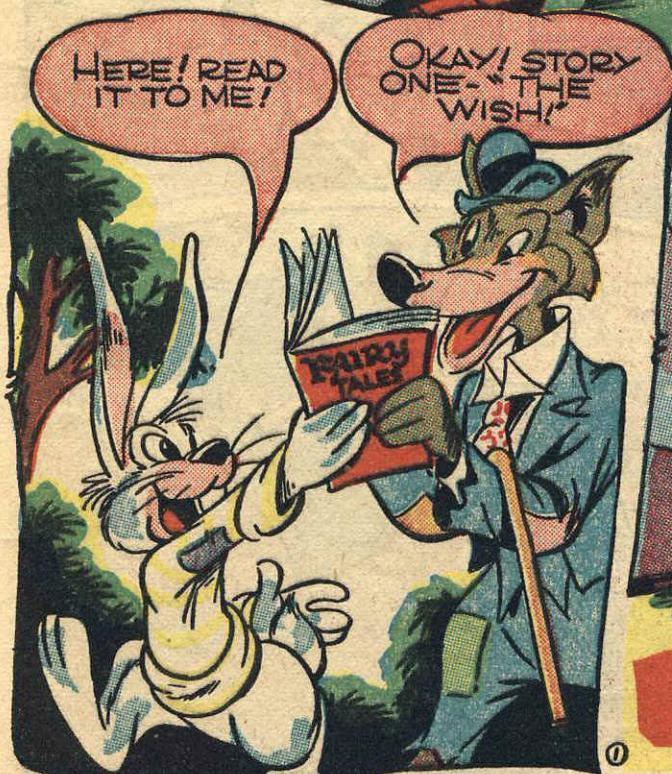
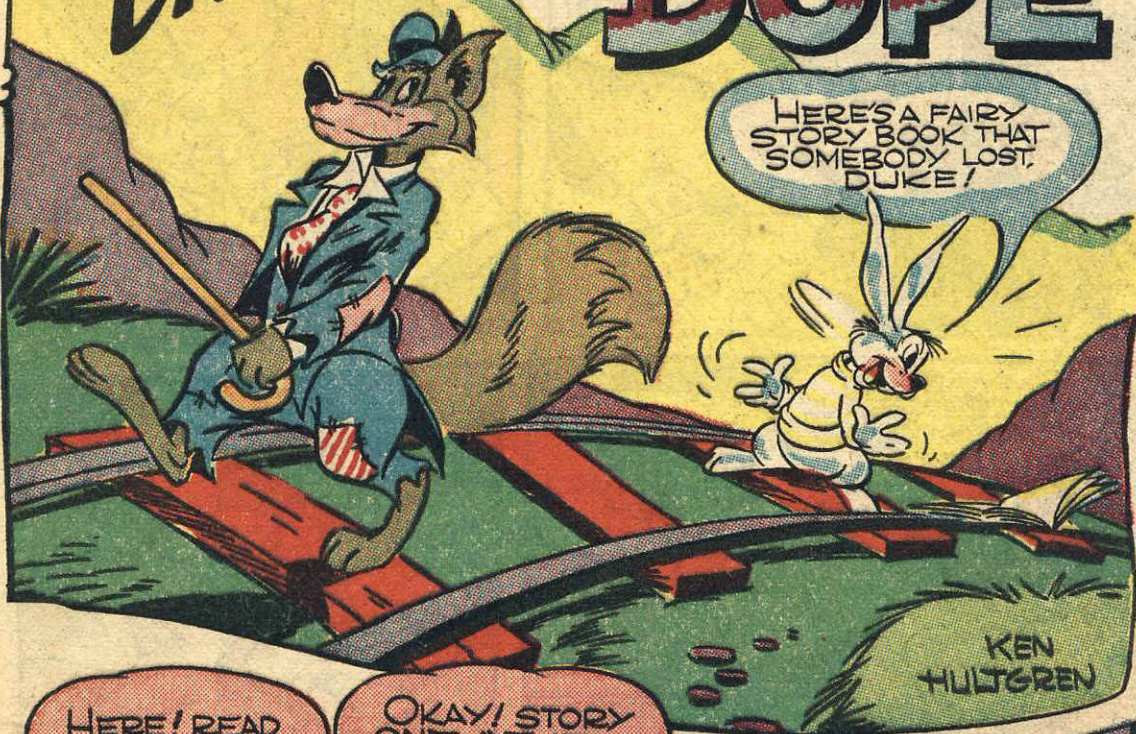
"Talbot!" boomed the tiger, curling his lips back so that his sharp, white teeth looked like big carving knives. "Where have you been? I'm going to punish you severely for running away!" Then Tyrone snarled.

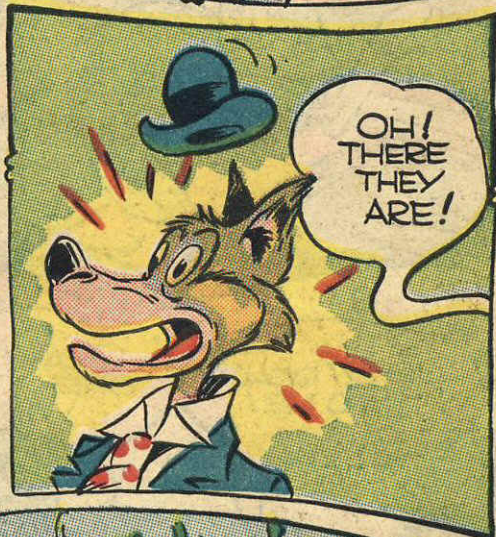
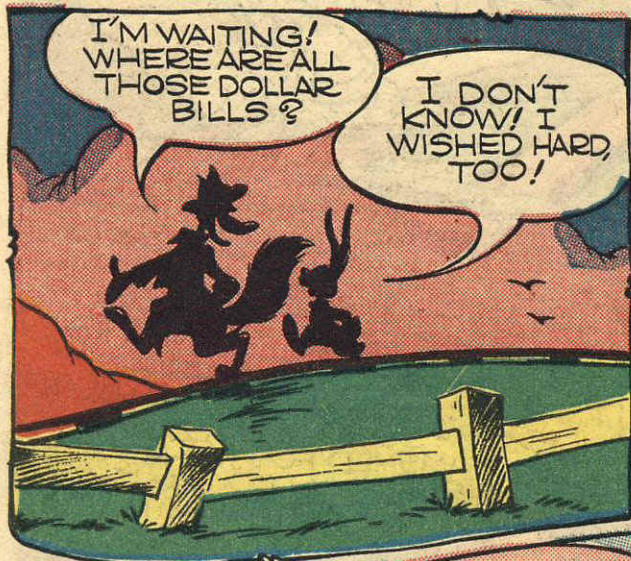
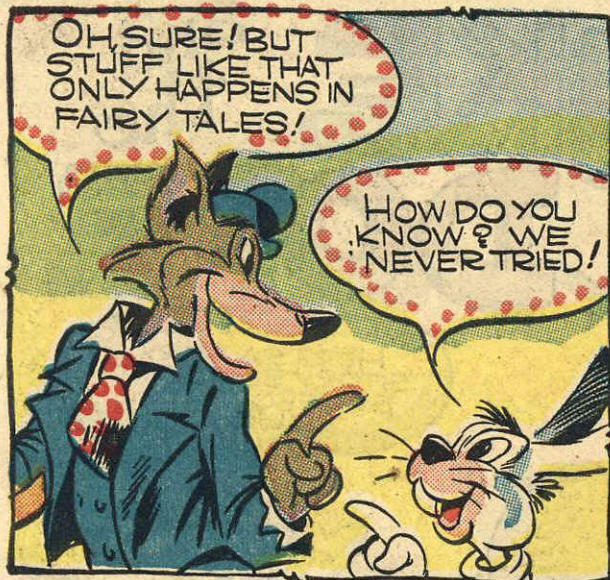
Romola almost fainted with fear. At first, she couldn't speak at all, but after a brief moment, her voice returned and she whispered, "I . . . I . . . I'm not Talbot! I'm ROMOLA! Romola Rabbit!"

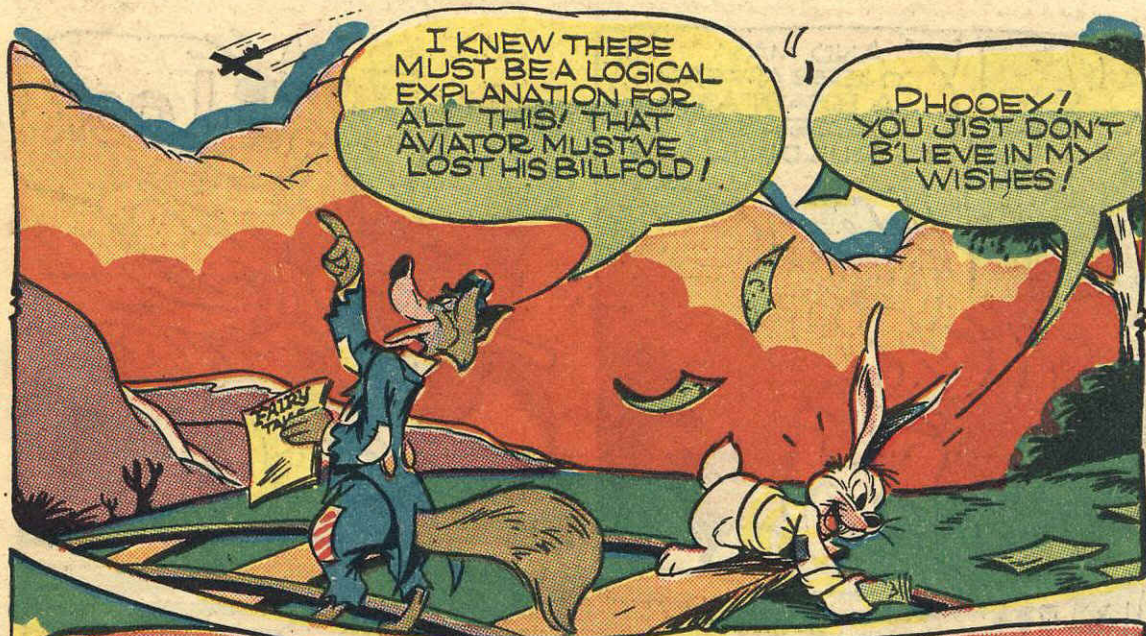
Tyrone Tiger looked at her closely. "Why, so you are!" he exclaimed, in feigned surprise. "I could have *sworn* you were Talbot Tiger, a very naughty child! Let me give you a piece of advice. Don't try to appear to be what you are not. It will get you into trouble some day!"

He set Romola on the ground, and the little rabbit scampered home as fast as she could, to wash off her silly stripes!

the DUKE and the DOPE







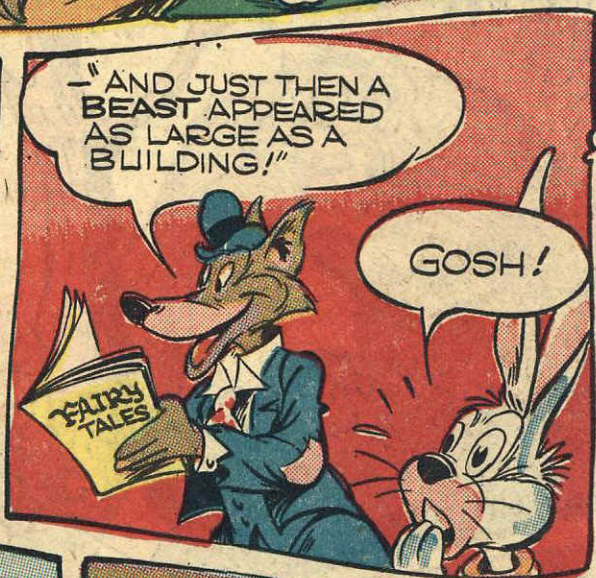
I KNEW THERE
MUST BE A LOGICAL
EXPLANATION FOR
ALL THIS! THAT
AVIATOR MUST'VE
LOST HIS BILLFOLD!

PHOOEY!
YOU JUST DON'T
B' LIEVE IN MY
WISHES!



HAVE IT YOUR
WAY, DOPE!

READ ME
ANOTHER
STORY!



—AND JUST THEN A
BEAST APPEARED
AS LARGE AS A
BUILDING!

GOSH!



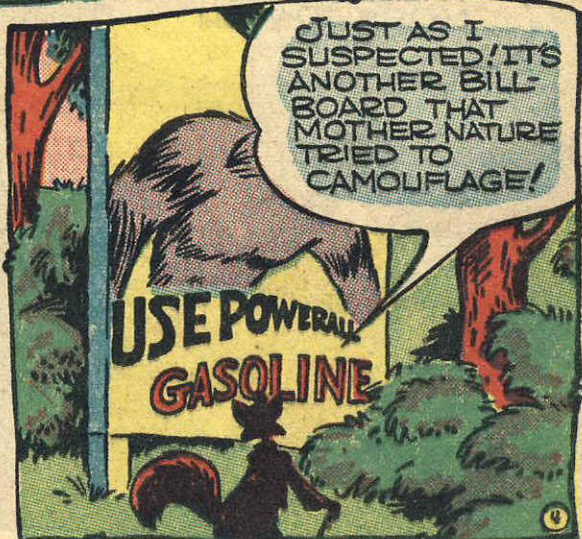
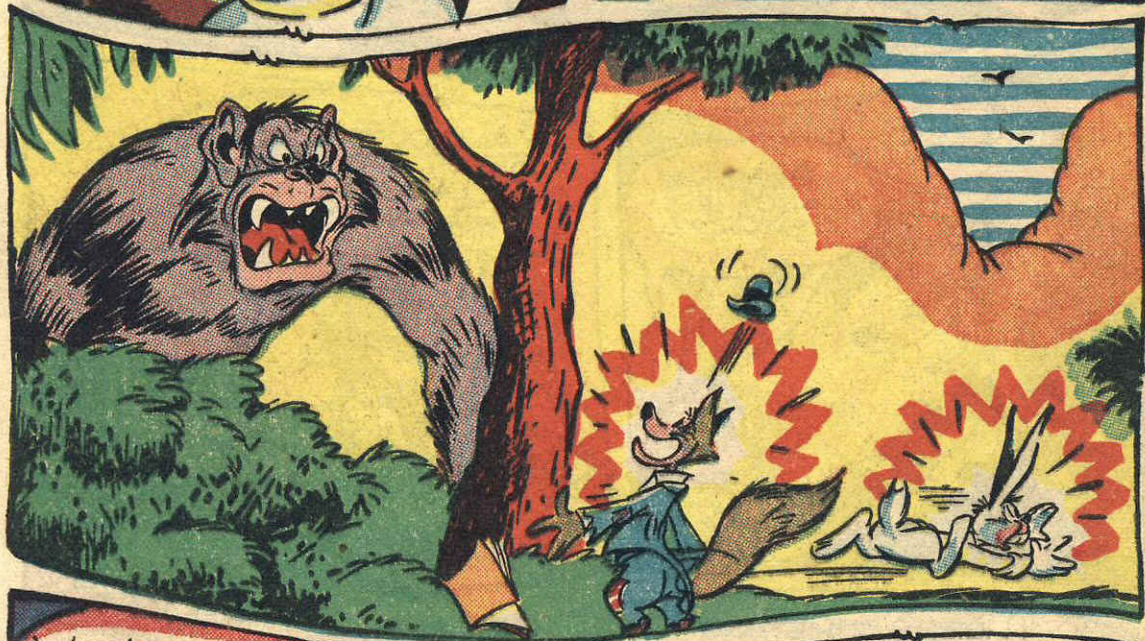
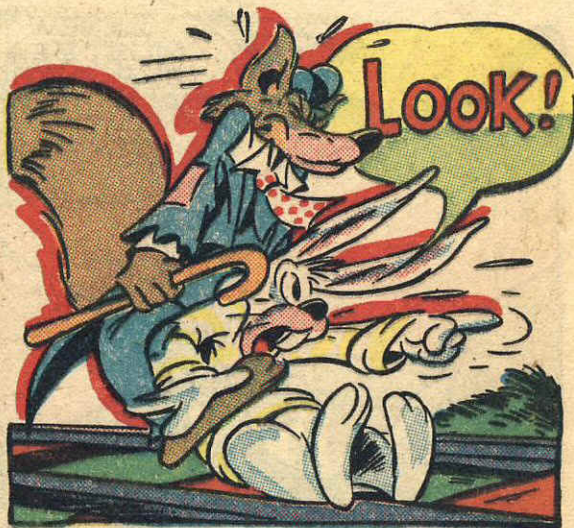
THERE'S SOMETHING
MORE TO WISH
FOR!

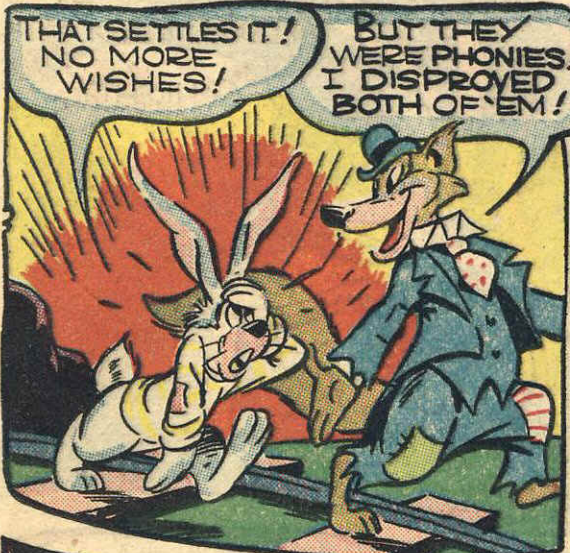
HECK, NO!
I'D BE
AFRAID!



I'LL PERSONALLY GUARANTEE
THAT NOTHING WILL HAPPEN!

OKAY/BUT
YOU'RE
WRONG!





THAT SETTLES IT!
NO MORE
WISHES!

BUT THEY
WERE PHONIES!
I DISPROVED
BOTH OF 'EM!



NOT TO MY
WAY OF
THINKIN'!

OKAY!
SO WISHES
COME
TRUE!

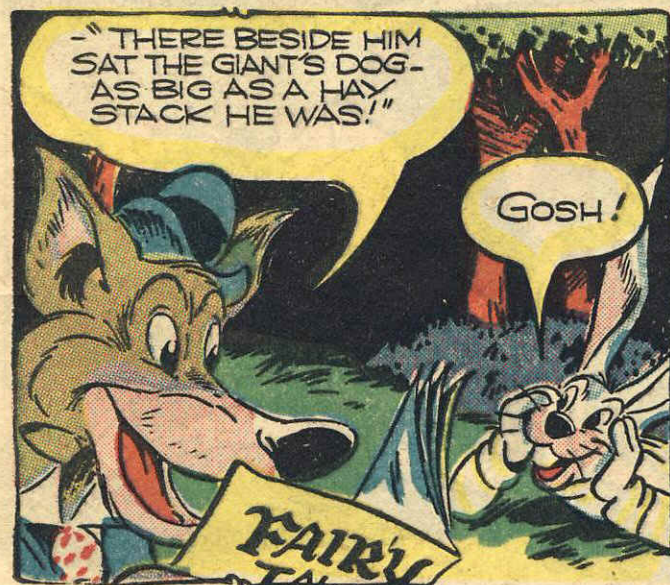


READ ME ONE
MORE BEFORE
WE TURN IN
FOR THE NIGHT!

HERE'S ONE!
"JACK IN THE
LAND OF GIANTS!"



"AT FIRST JACK
COULDN'T BELIEVE
HIS EYES! HE HAD
AWAKENED IN THE
LAND OF GIANTS!"



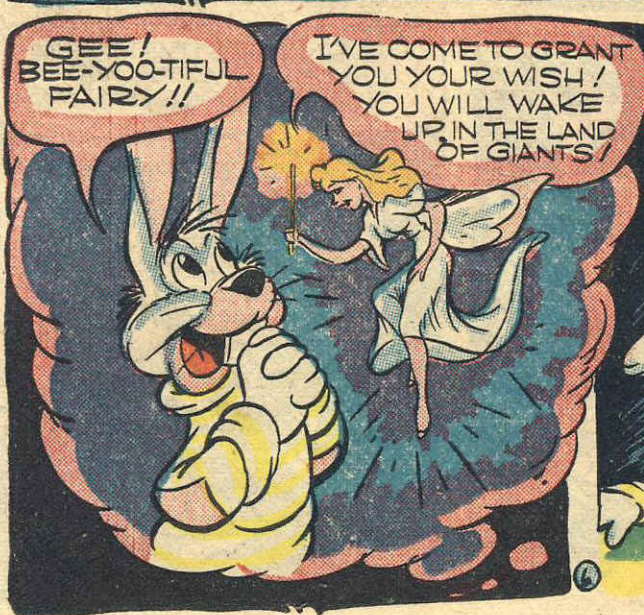
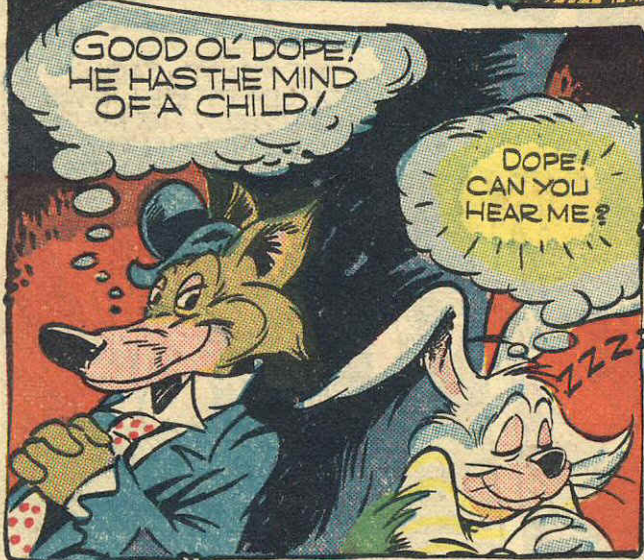
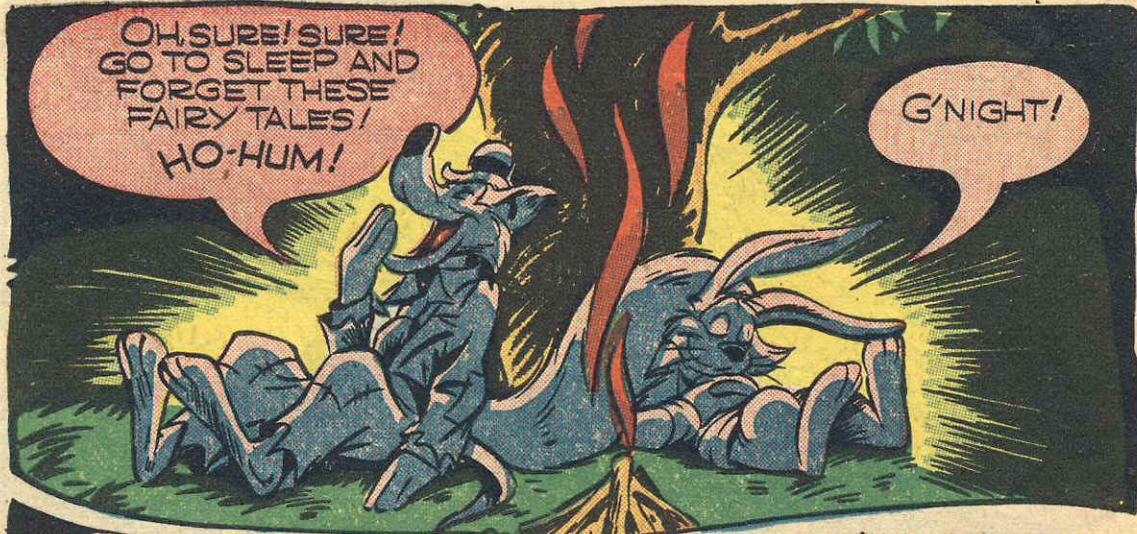
"THERE BESIDE HIM
SAT THE GIANT'S DOG-
AS BIG AS A HAY
STACK HE WAS!"

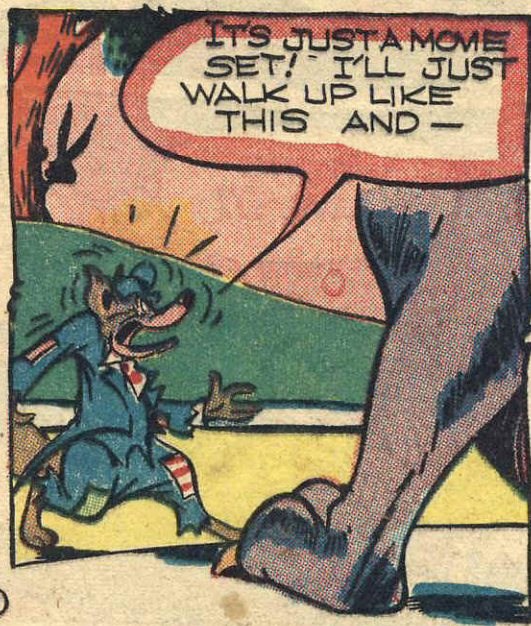
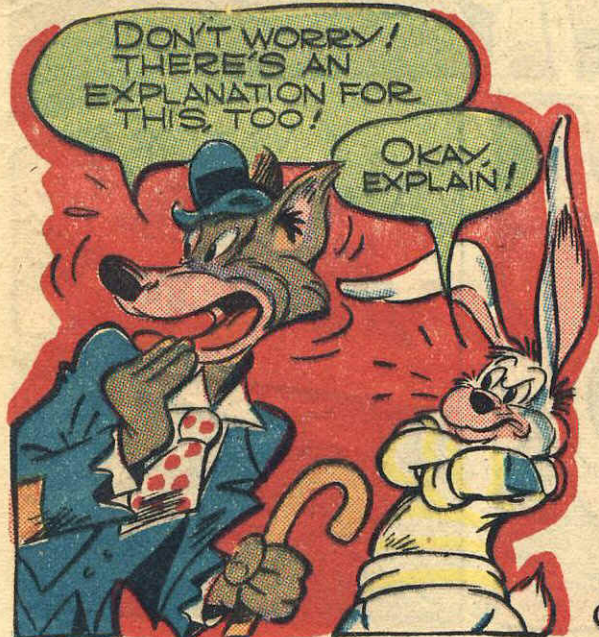
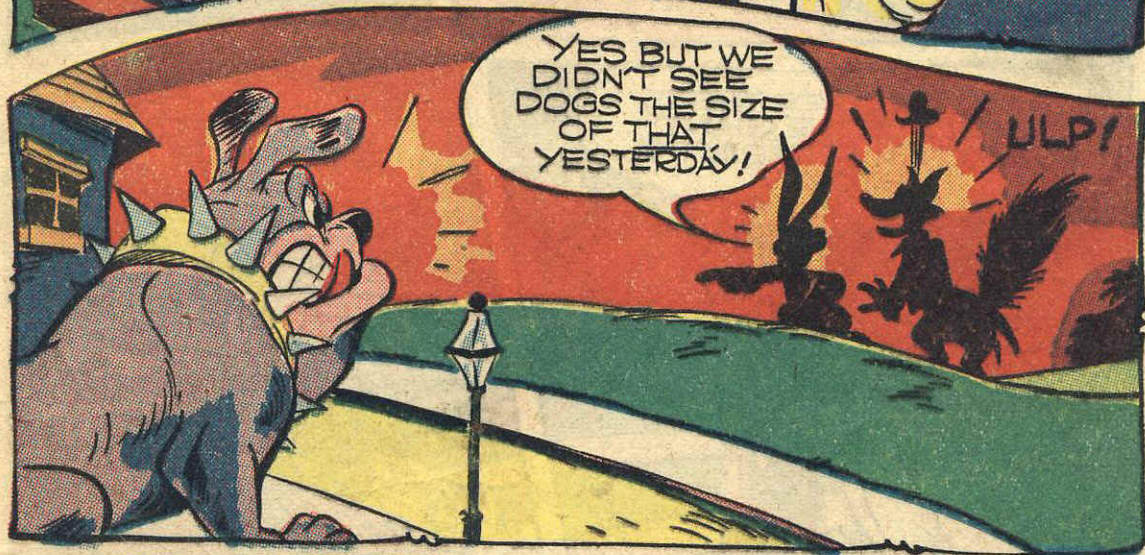
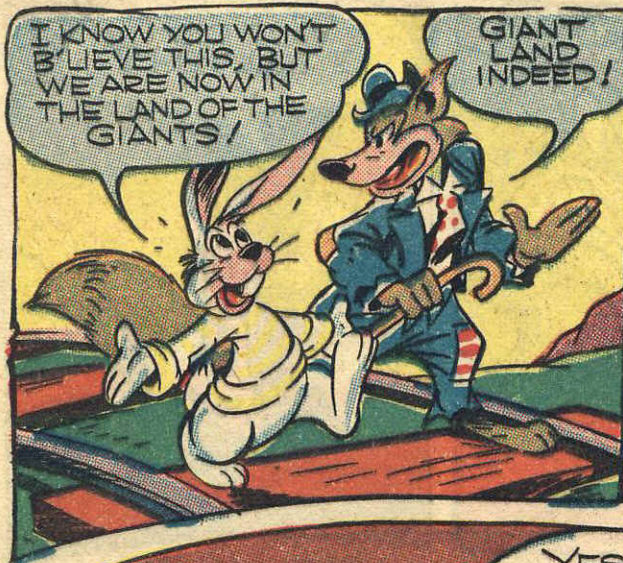
GOSH!

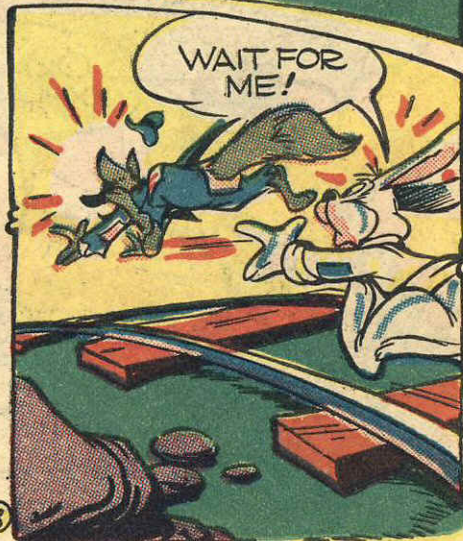
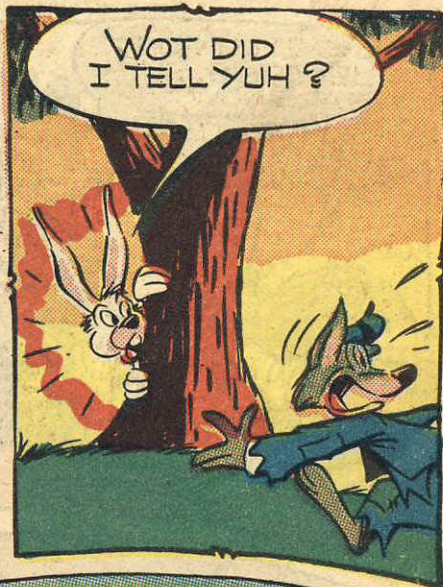
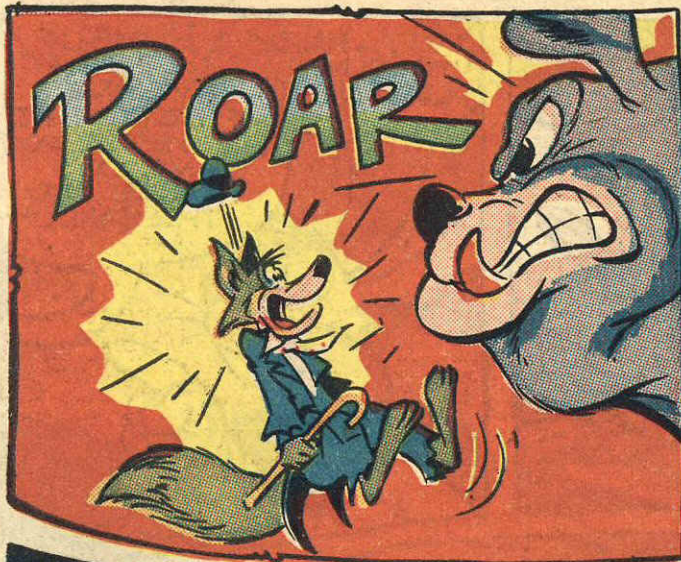


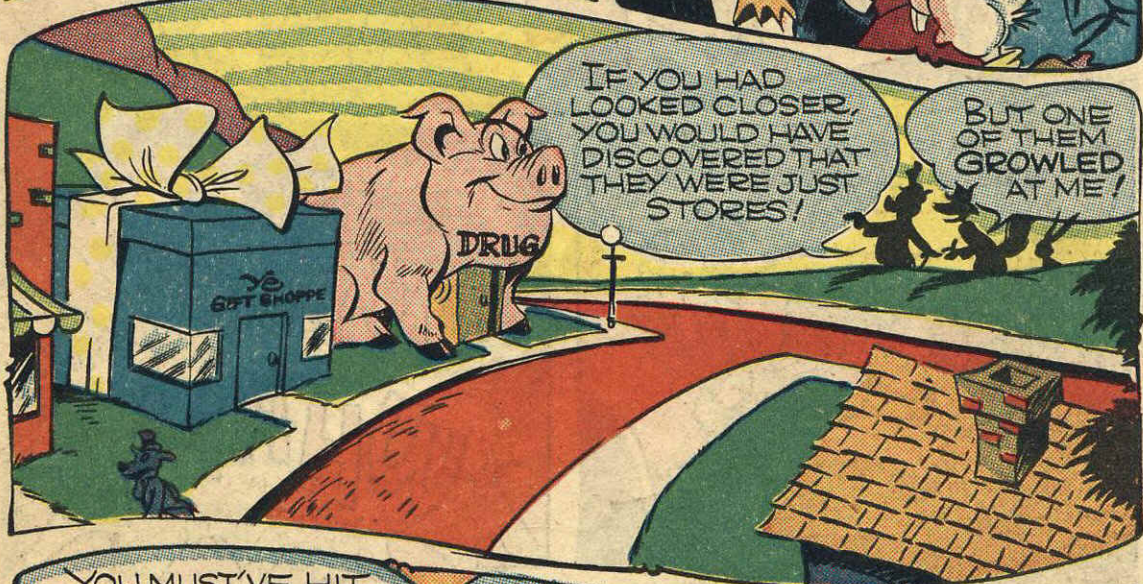
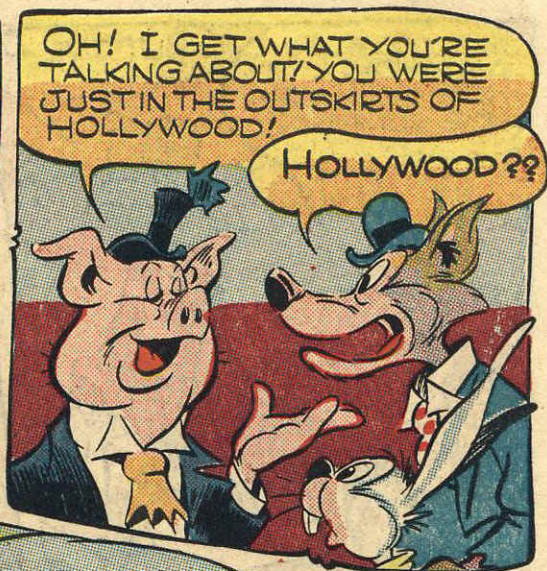
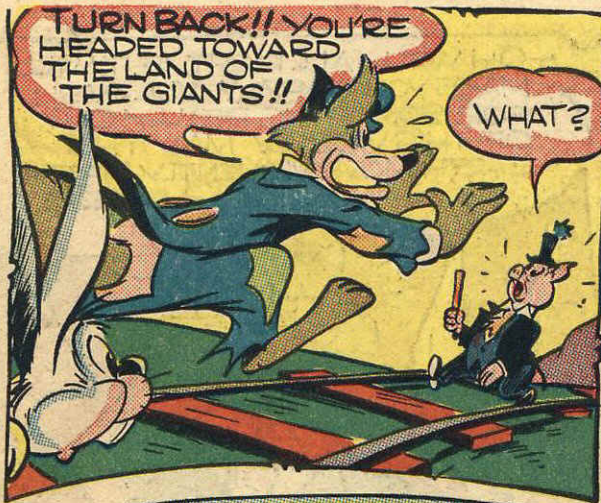
"EVEN THE PUMPKINS IN
THE FIELD WERE AS
BIG AS OFFICE BUILDINGS!"

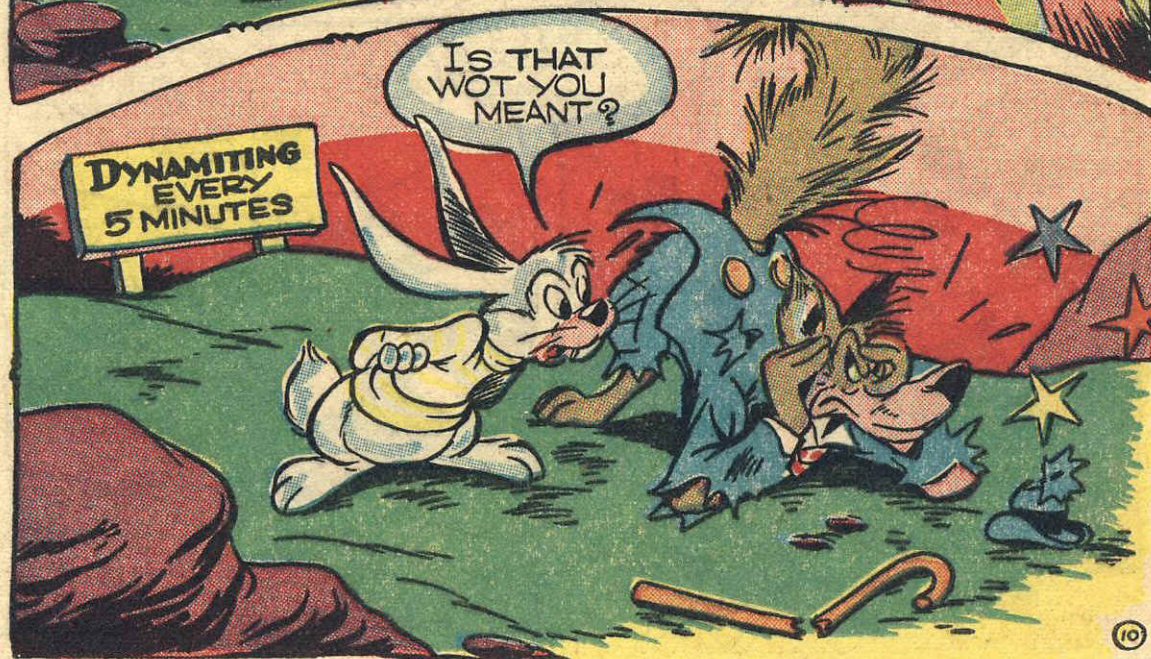
I'VE CHANGED
MY MIND, DUKE!
I'M GOIN' TO MAKE
ONE MORE WISH
AND THAT IS THAT
WE WAKE UP IN THE
LAND OF GIANTS!











SPENCER SPOOK

ACME GHOST AGENCY—
YOU NEED A GHOST FOR A SEANCE?
— OKAY, RIGHT AWAY!

I HAVEN'T HAD A HAUNTING
JOB IN SO LONG,
I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW!
THIS MAKES SIX DAYS
I'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND
HERE!

ACME
GHOST
AGENCY

MARLEY
PROP

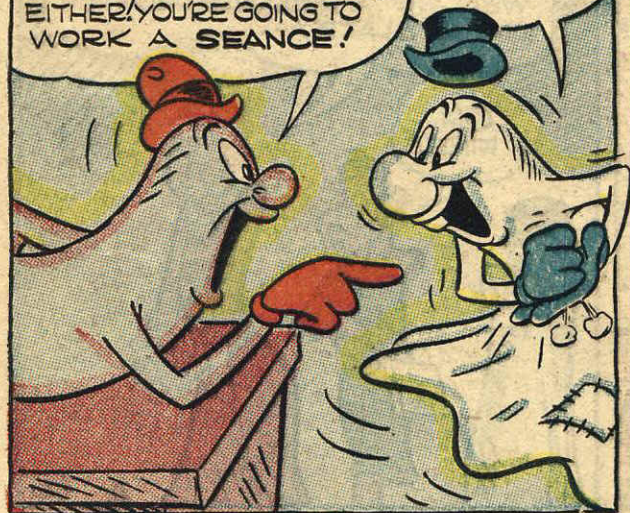
STORY
HUBIE
KARP

KEN CHAMPIN

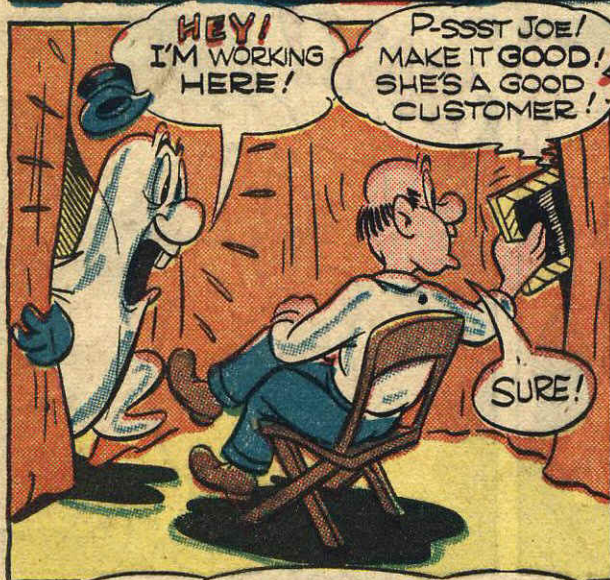
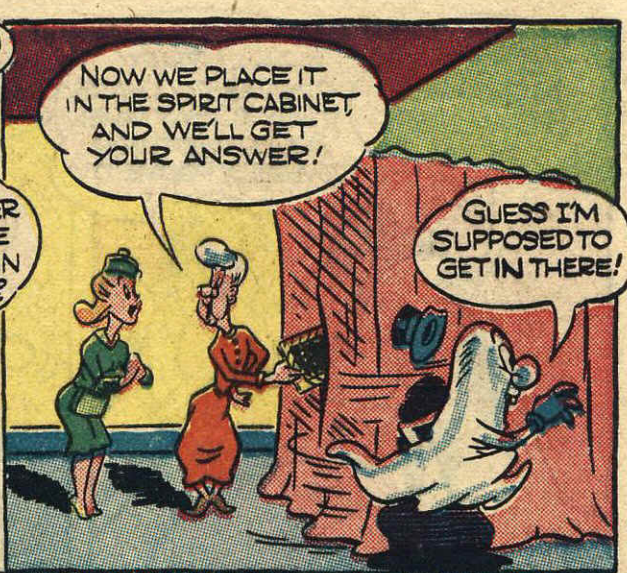
THAT WAS SPOOK UNION,
LOCAL 405, SPENCER.
THIS IS YOUR **BIG CHANCE!**
NO MERE HAUNTING JOB,
EITHER! YOU'RE GOING TO
WORK A **SEANCE!**

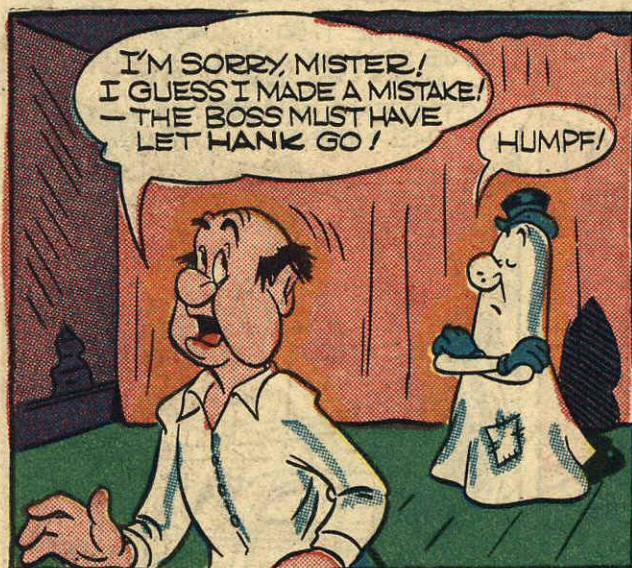
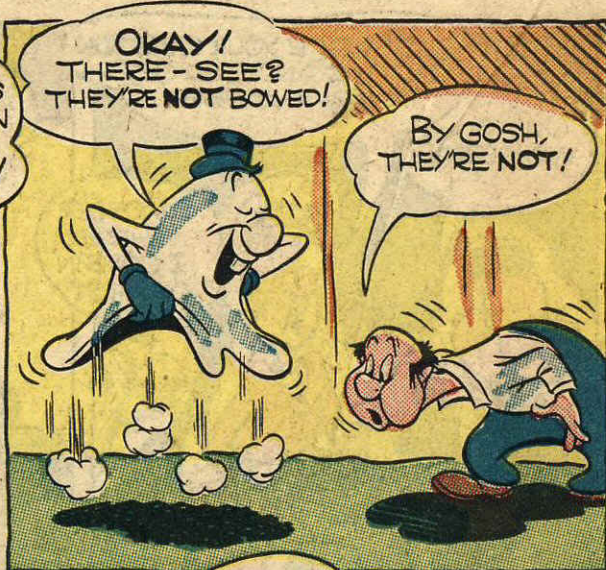
Wow!
GIVE ME
THE ADDRESS!

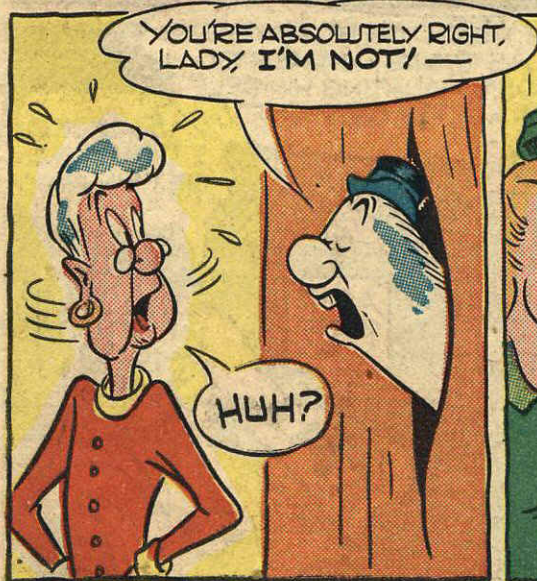
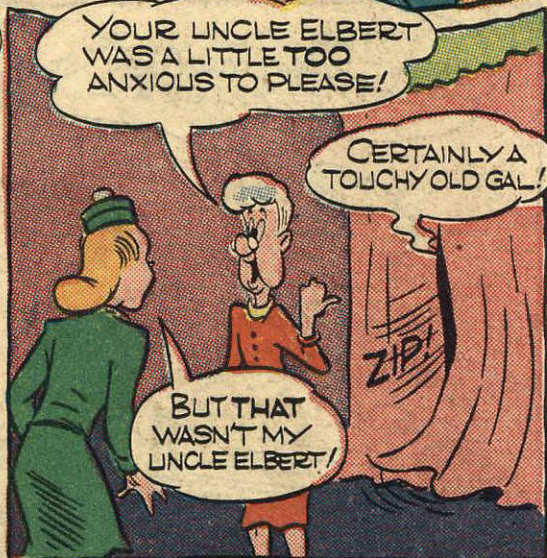
Boy! WHAT AN OPPORTUNITY!
I SURE HOPE I CAN
MAKE GOOD!

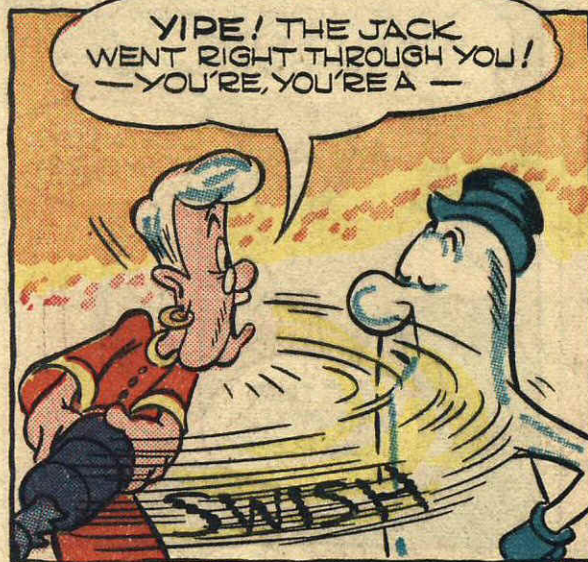
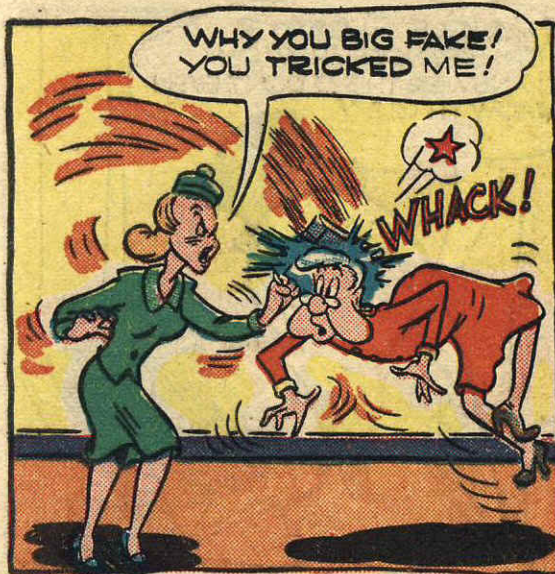






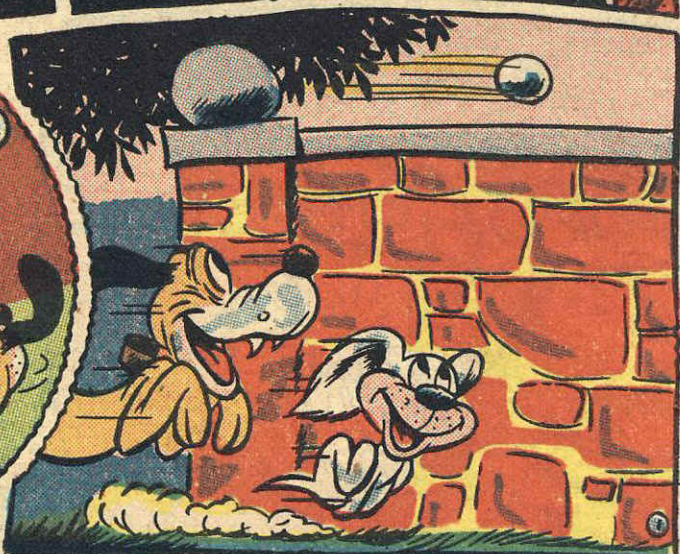
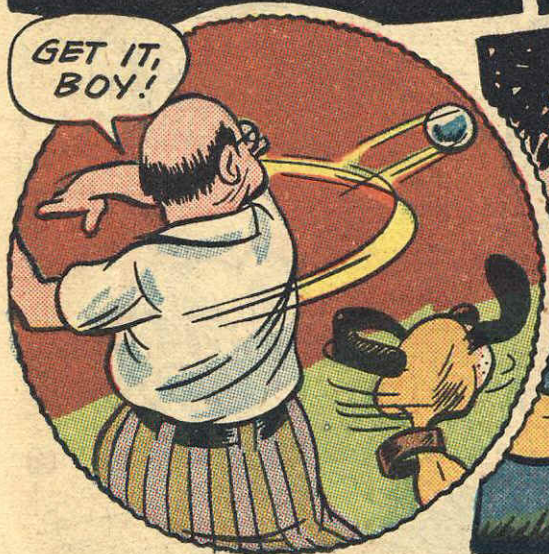
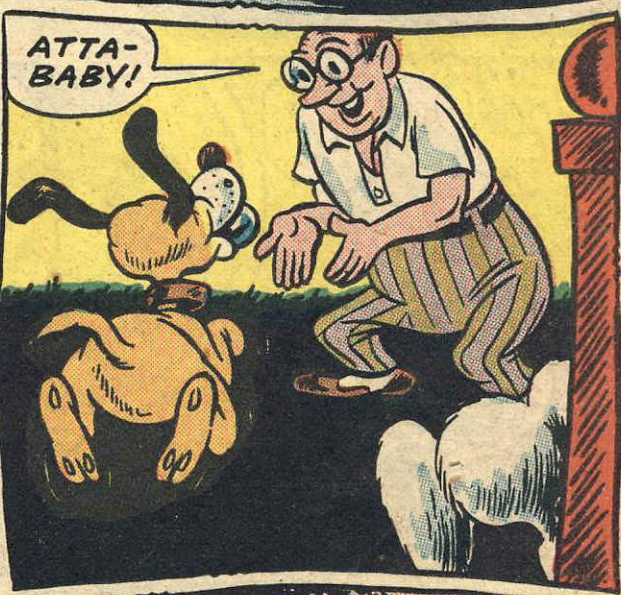
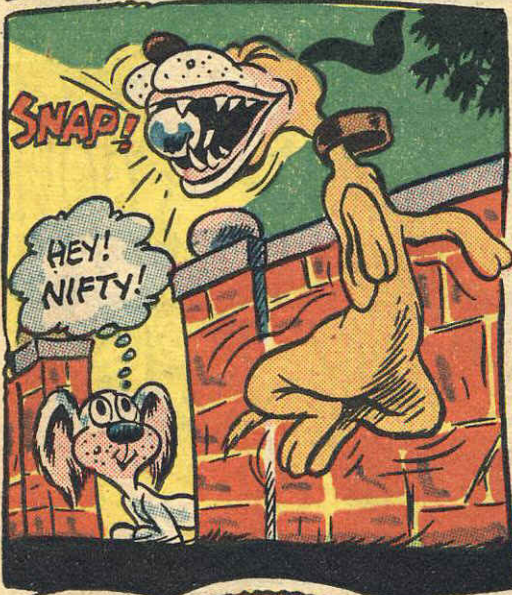


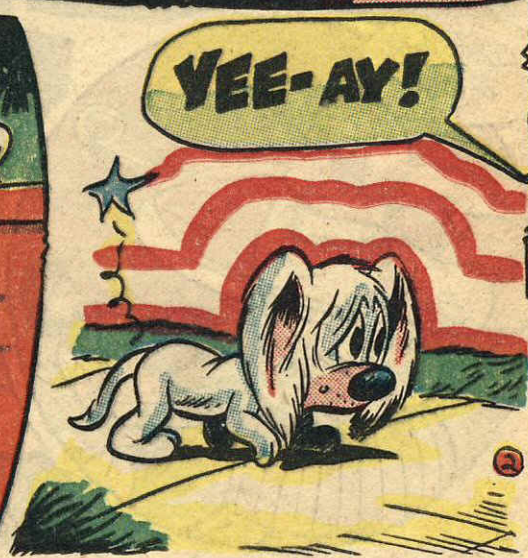
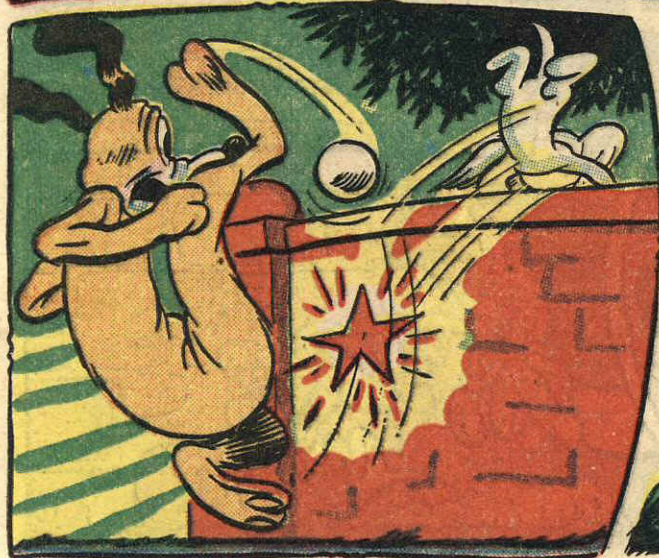
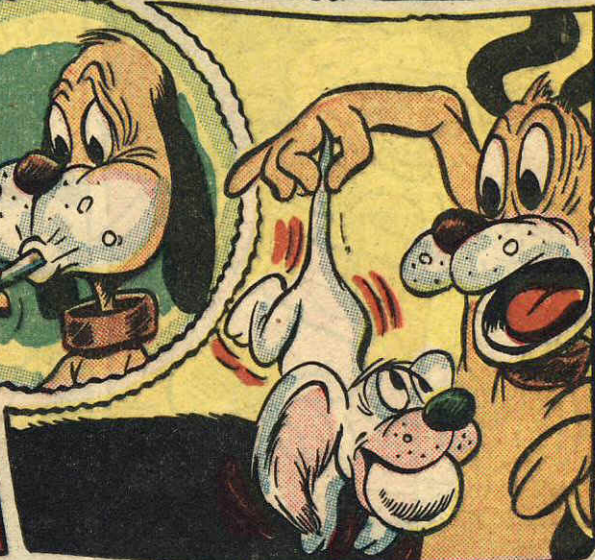
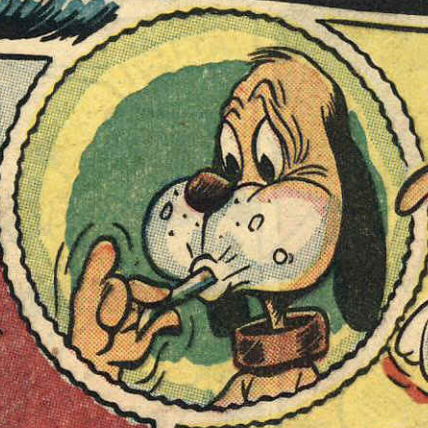
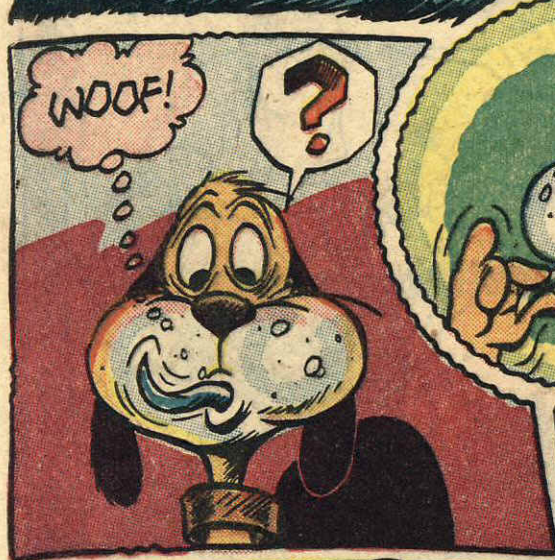
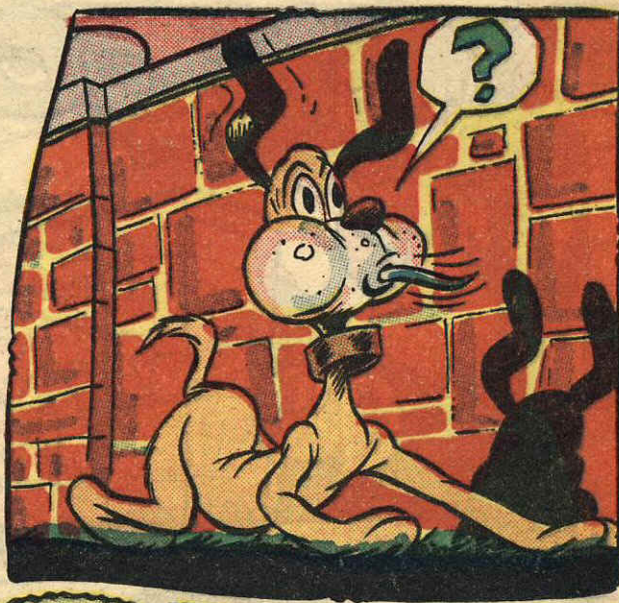




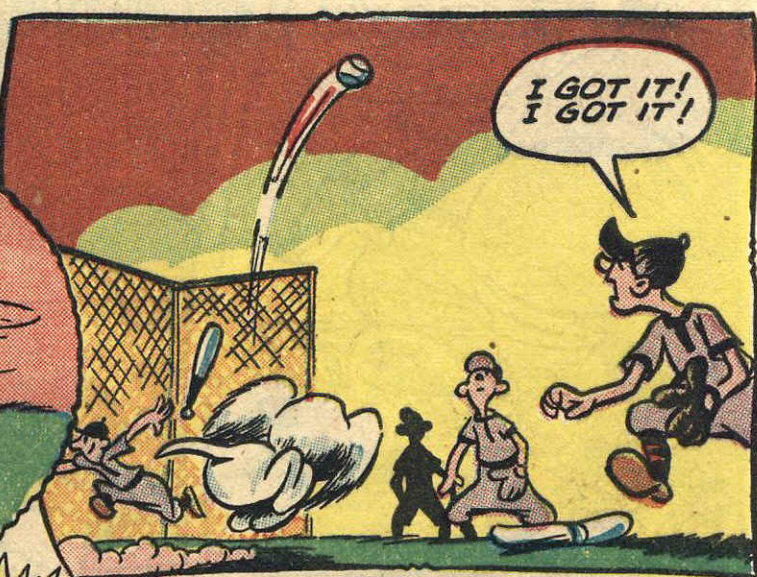
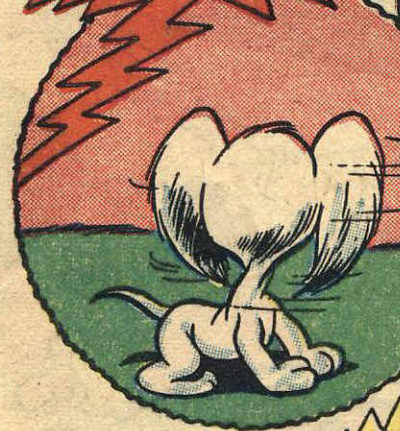
SNOOPER

clang.



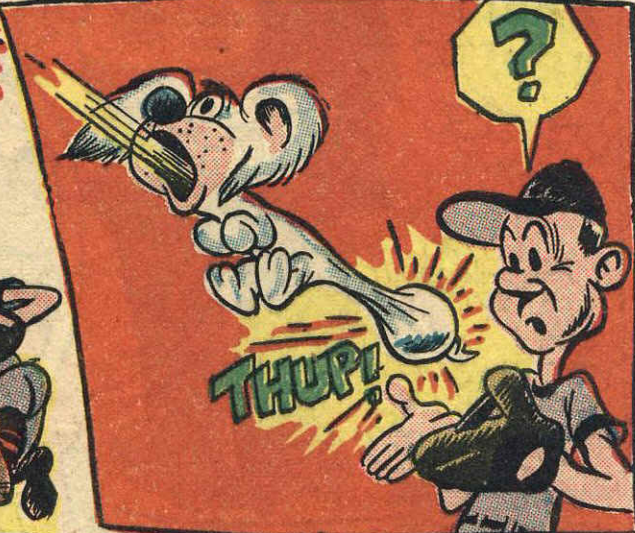
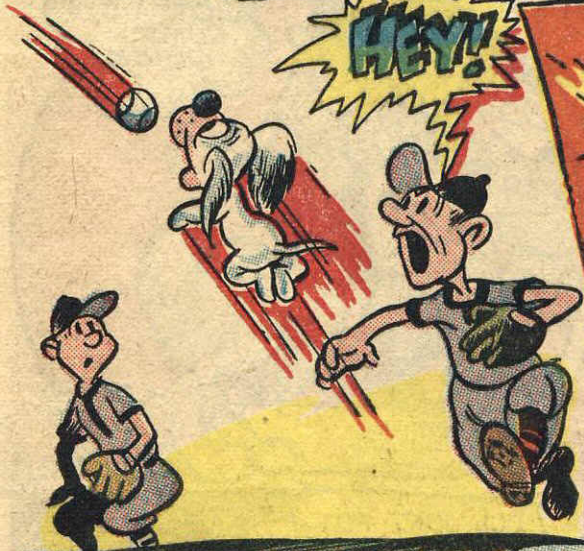


CR-RAK!



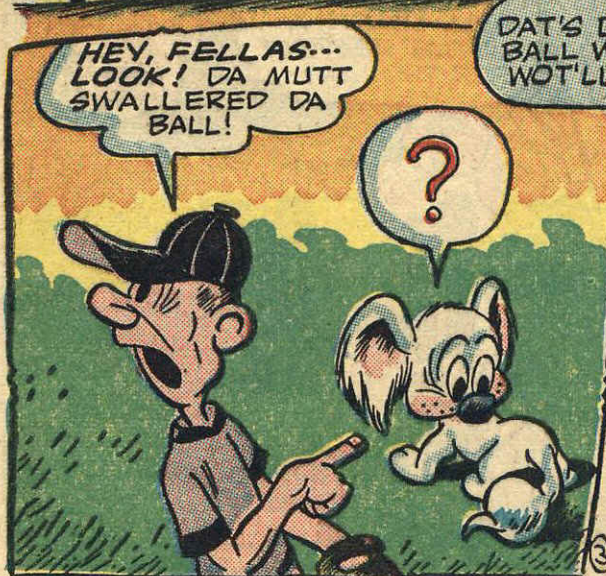
I GOT IT!
I GOT IT!

HEY!



?

THUP!



HEY, FELLAS...
LOOK! DA MUTT
SWALLERED DA
BALL!

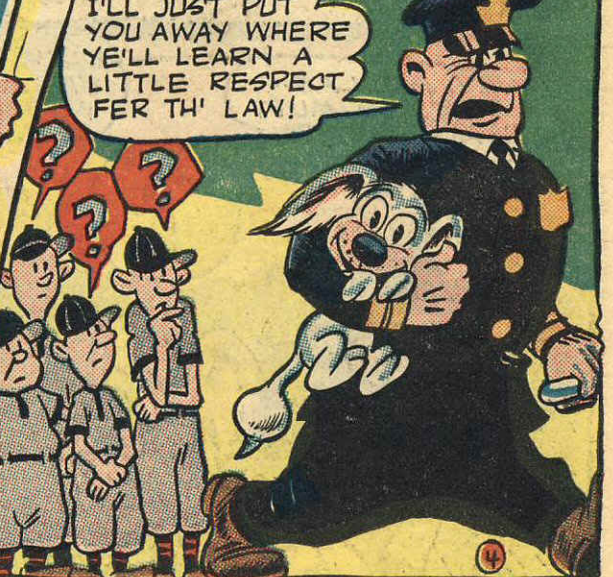
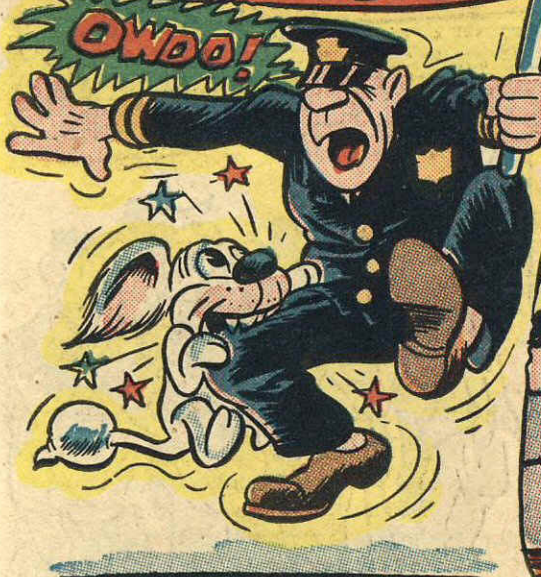
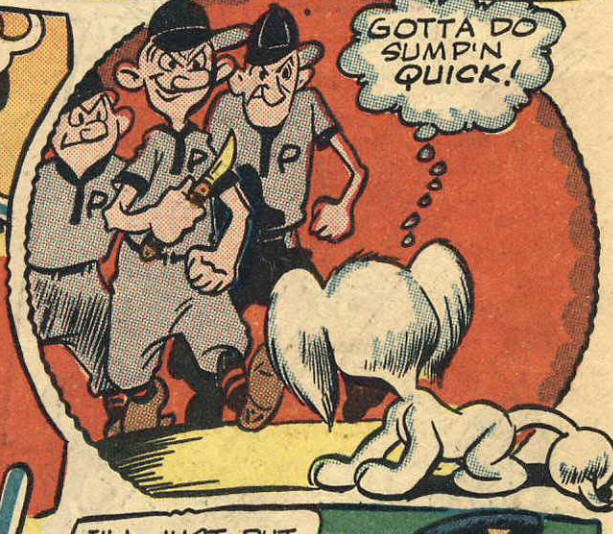
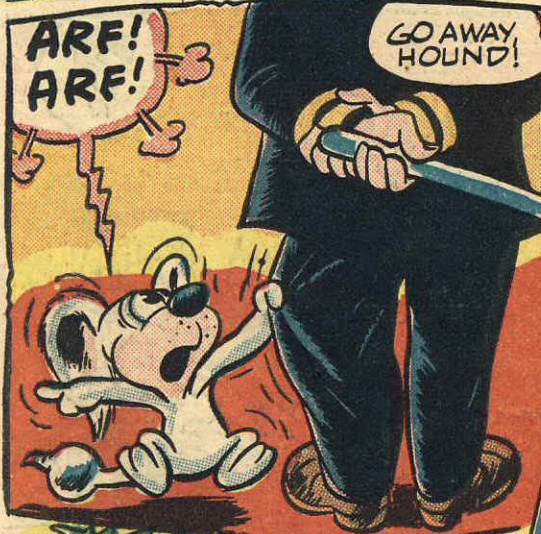
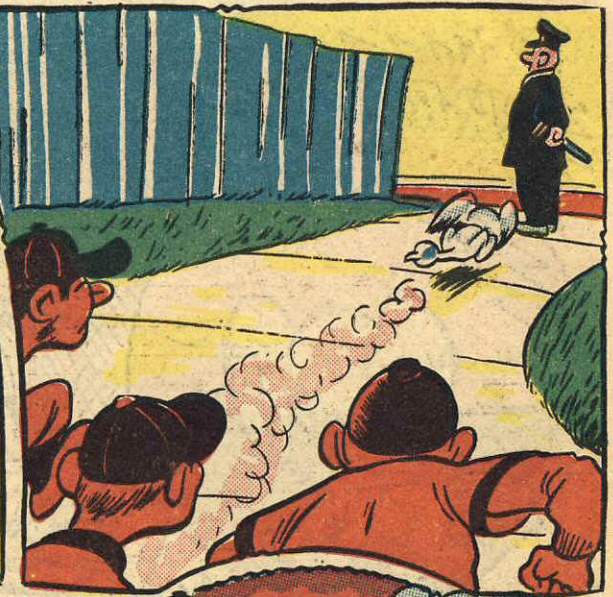
?

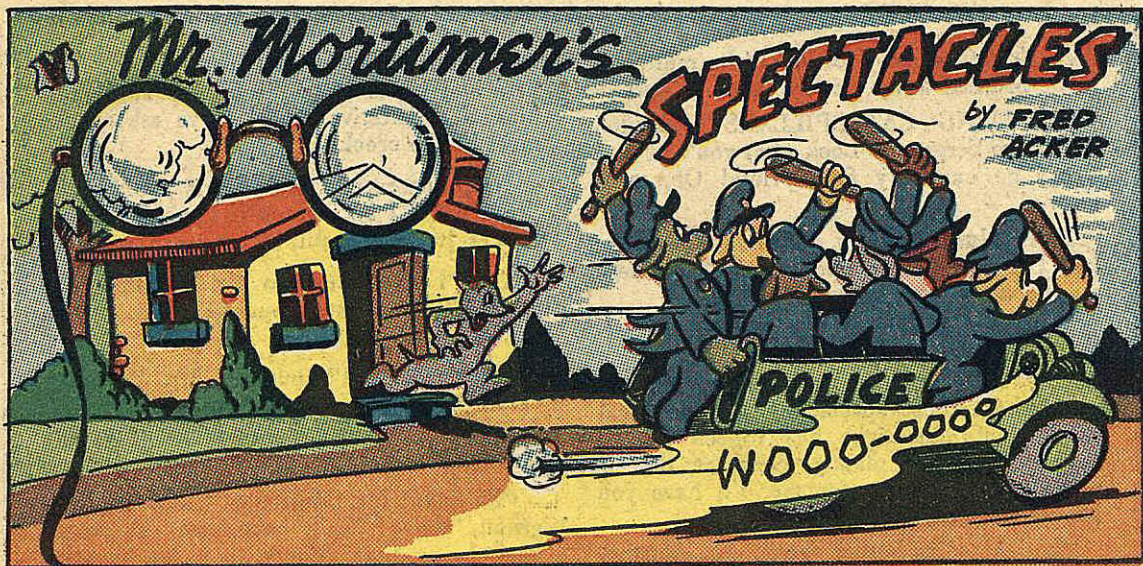
DAT'S DE ONLY
BALL WE GOT!
WOT'LL WE DO?

I DUNNO!

I DO!
SOMEBODY
LEND ME A
SHARP
KNIFE!







FERRIS F. FERRET was pretty disgusted with things in general and with himself in particular. "Here am I," he told himself, "a first-class ferret. An A-1 ferret! And what do I ferret out? *Nothing!* Why, with my natural talents, I oughtta be a detective . . . a Pinkerton sleuth . . . a Scotland Yard official! But nothing ever happens in Little Town! If only it would, I . . ."

Ferris' thoughts were interrupted by the loud wailing of a siren. "AAAHOOOOO!" it shrieked, as the Little Town Police Car whizzed through the street directly under Ferris' window.

"Yes, sir," continued the frustrated sleuth. "If only it would, I . . . Hey! That was the police car! Somethin' must be stirrin'!"

Quickly donning a checkered cap and ramming a curved pipe into his mouth, Ferris went down the staircase two steps at a time, which was rather difficult since he was low-slung.

Breathlessly, he ran through the streets, following the wail of the police siren. At long last, he came up with the police car, which was parked outside of a magnificent mansion.

"Why, Mr. Mortimer Mink, the wealthy stock-broker, real estate man and international financier lives here!" Ferris wondered. "What can possibly be wrong?"

An angry bellow answered his unspoken thoughts. It roared out of a window, almost into Ferris' ears. "ROBBED, I tell you! I've been robbed! Some skulking, vicious criminal has stolen them!"

"That's Mr. Mortimer himself!" whispered Ferris. "He's been robbed, I guess. BOY! Here's my chance at last!"

Eagerly, Ferris ran across the lawn towards the house. He was in such a hurry, that he failed to notice a carefully roped-in section of land, and CRASH! went Ferris F. Ferret. He toppled the stakes holding the ropes, tripped, fell and yelled.

But Ferris never yelled half so loudly as the Police Sergeant, who stood in the doorway of the house. "YOU IDIOT! YOU CARELESS, RATTLE-BRAINED, FLAT-HEADED NINCOMPOOP!" he shouted at Ferris. "YOU HAVE SPOILED THE FOOTPRINTS!"

Shame-facedly, Ferris rose from the ground. "It . . . it wuz a accident!" he stammered. "I'm really very smart. I'm a ferret, you see, and we make the best kind of detective!"

"Detective?" laughed the Sergeant scornfully. "You couldn't find a haystack in a needle!"

"Oh, yes I could!" Ferris said indignantly. "And what's more, I'll prove it to you!"

And so saying, he marched straight through the doorway and into Mr. Mortimer Mink's house. The Sergeant followed Ferris, trying to stop him, but it was too late. Ferris had already entered the library, where Mr. Mortimer sat fuming with rage.

"Tak! Tak!" clucked Ferris. "Such dust! My, my!" And before anyone could stop him, he had whisked out a handkerchief and was carefully dusting the top of Mr. Mortimer's

desk. "Carelessness, I calls it!" he muttered, as he brushed away the last speck of dust.

"HOWLING CATERPILLARS!" shouted the Police Sergeant. "Look what you've done! There go our only fingerprints! Oh, murder-r-r!"

Ferris blushed a deep, deep red. "Goodness, but I'm sorry!" he apologized. "The desk was so *dusty*, you know, and . . ."

Just then, Mr. Mortimer spoke up. "Sergeant," he demanded, "who's that you've got with you? I can't see an inch in front of me without those spectacles! To think that some thief-in-the-night has robbed me of them! I tell you plainly, Sergeant, that if you don't find them for me, I'll have you broken to a street-cleaner!"

"It's this ding-busted ferret, Mr. Mortimer!" answered the Sergeant. "He's goin' agin all the laws o' scientific detection. First, he

messes up the footprints! Then he comes in here and wipes away the fingerprints! Calls himself a detective! Huh! If ya ask *me*, he must be the crook!"

"Oh, nonsense!" said Ferris indignantly. "How could I be a crook if I'm a detective? You're just being silly!"

Then Ferris turned to Mr. Mortimer and asked, "When were your spectacles stolen, sir?"

"This morning!" sputtered Mr. Mortimer. "How many times do I have to repeat it? Some low, sneaking snake crawled in here during the night and snatched 'em!"

"Be calm, Mr. Mortimer!" said the Sergeant. "Relax! We'll have your eye-glasses back in no time. Maybe in a few months, even! We policemen have our methods, you know!"



"NO TIME? MONTHS?" stormed Mr. Mortimer. "Just what am I supposed to do in the meantime?"

"Be patient, Mr. Mortimer!" urged the Sergeant. "Ya see, there's lots to be done in your case. First, we gotta get a statement on the crime! Next, we assign a squad to guard the house, see? That's so nothin' else gets stole! Naturally, we gotta question everybody in the house . . . that's lookin' fer suspicious characters, ya understand. Then, there's clues. Always hafta look fer clues! Never can tell what we're gonna find! Might be a spy ring . . . or a murder gang . . . or a kidnapping plot . . . or . . . or SABOTAGE!"

As the Sergeant spoke, he puffed out his chest, which got very puffy indeed, since the Sergeant was a pigeon, and you know how THEY are!

"Oh, yes," he continued, "with me, bein'

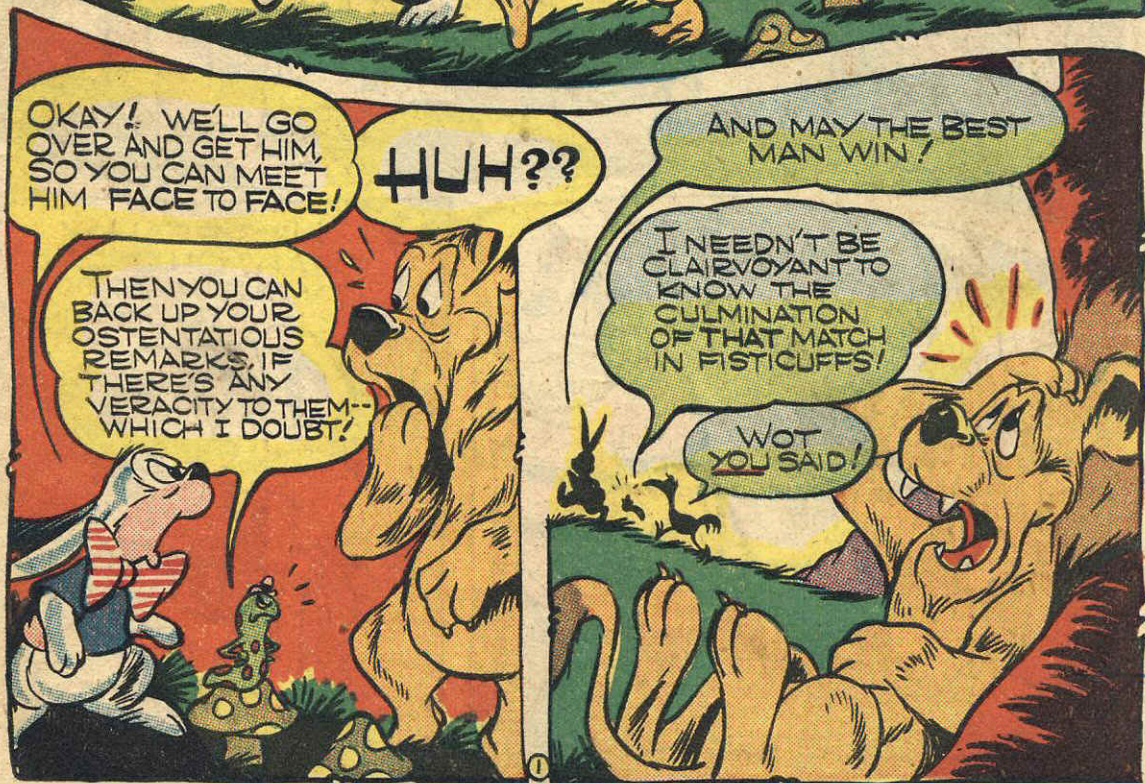
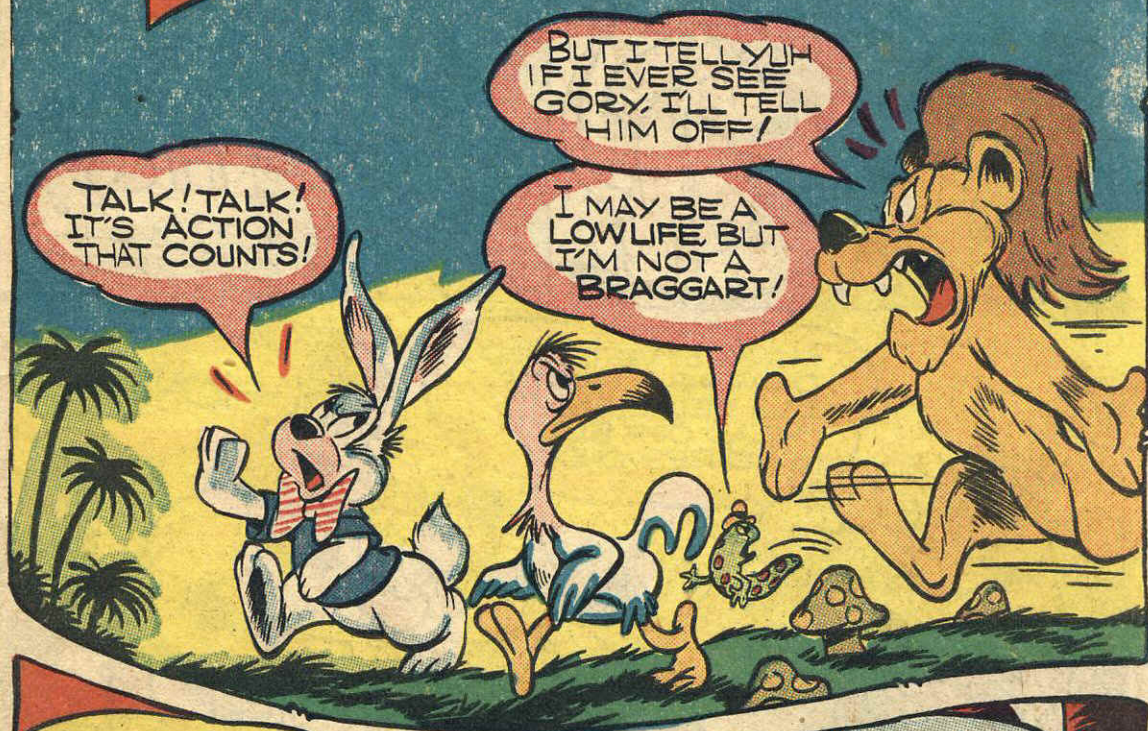
a detective is a science! I ain't like some nosey buttinskis that come *ferretin'* around! Then of course, there's the photographer. We gotta have him come up an' take pictures of the house. Gotta get the layout, ya know. Scene of the crime stuff!"

Suddenly, Ferris F. Ferret, who had been silently looking about him all this while, piped up, "Are ya gonna take a picture of Mr. Mortimer, too?"

The Sergeant roared with laughter. "That's the dumbest, foolishhest, craziest thing I ever heard!" he laughed. "That's so stoopid, Ripley oughtta be told about it! What do we want a picture of Mr. Mortimer for?"

"Well," answered Ferris F. Ferret slowly, "it *might* help to find his spectacles. Ya see, they're hangin' on a black ribbon, *around his neck!*"

LIONEL

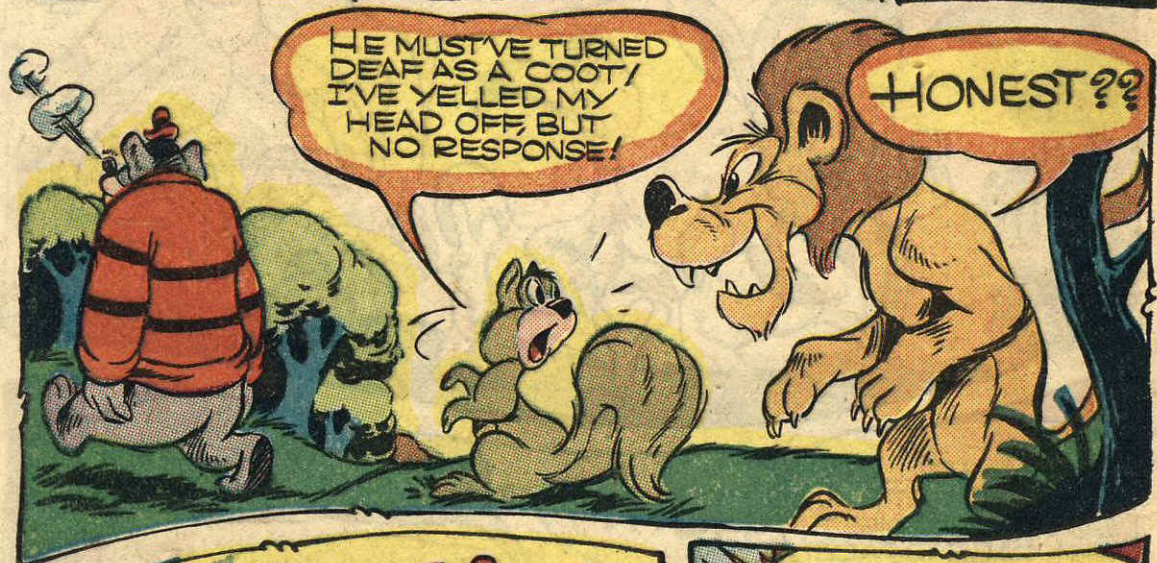




I'VE GOT TO HIDE~
BUT WHERE?? I WONDER
HOW SIBERIA IS THIS TIME
OF THE YEAR?

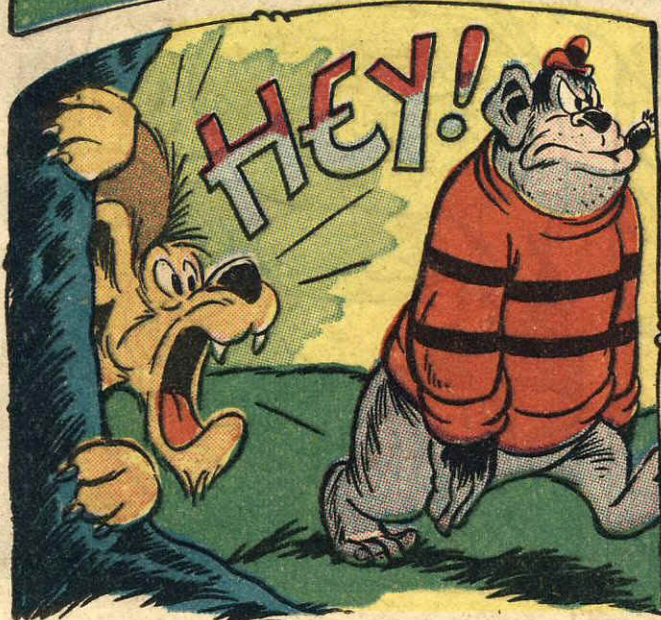


HEY GORY!
CAN'T YOU
HEAR ME?
HEY!!



HE MUST'VE TURNED
DEAF AS A COOT!
I'VE YELLED MY
HEAD OFF BUT
NO RESPONSE!

HONEST??



HEY!



HE'S REALLY
DEAF!! OH, GOODIE!!
I WON'T HAVE TO GO
TO SIBERIA!

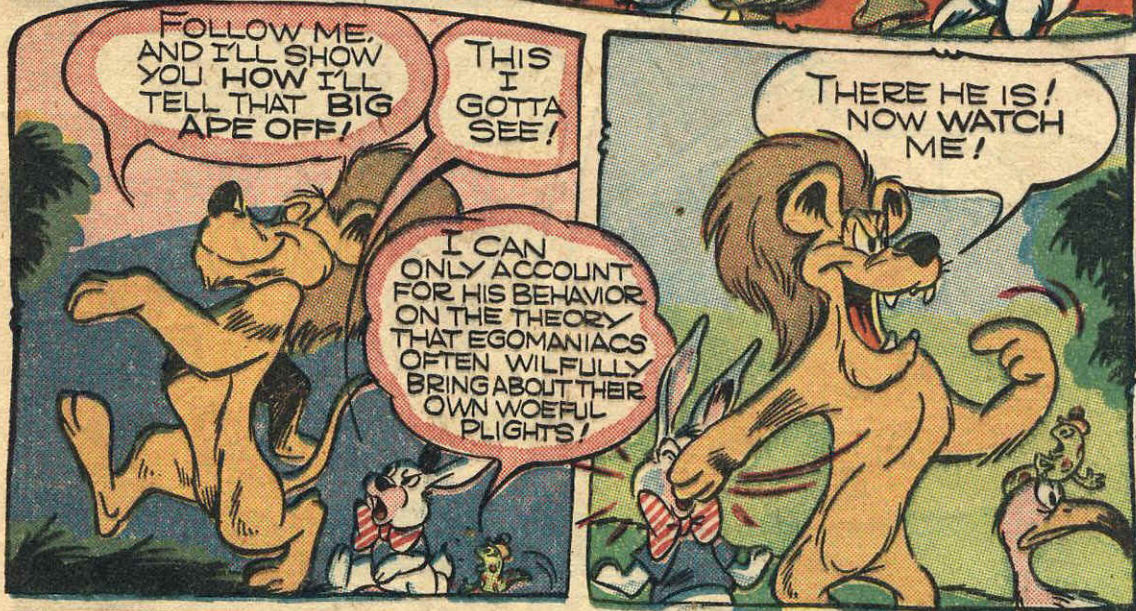


I FOUND HIM! I FOUND GORY!

WHERE?

HE MUST BE SUFFERING FROM SOME MENTAL DERANGEMENT, FOR HE'S NOW ORDERING HIS OWN MALIGNANT END!

AIN'T IT DA TRUTH?

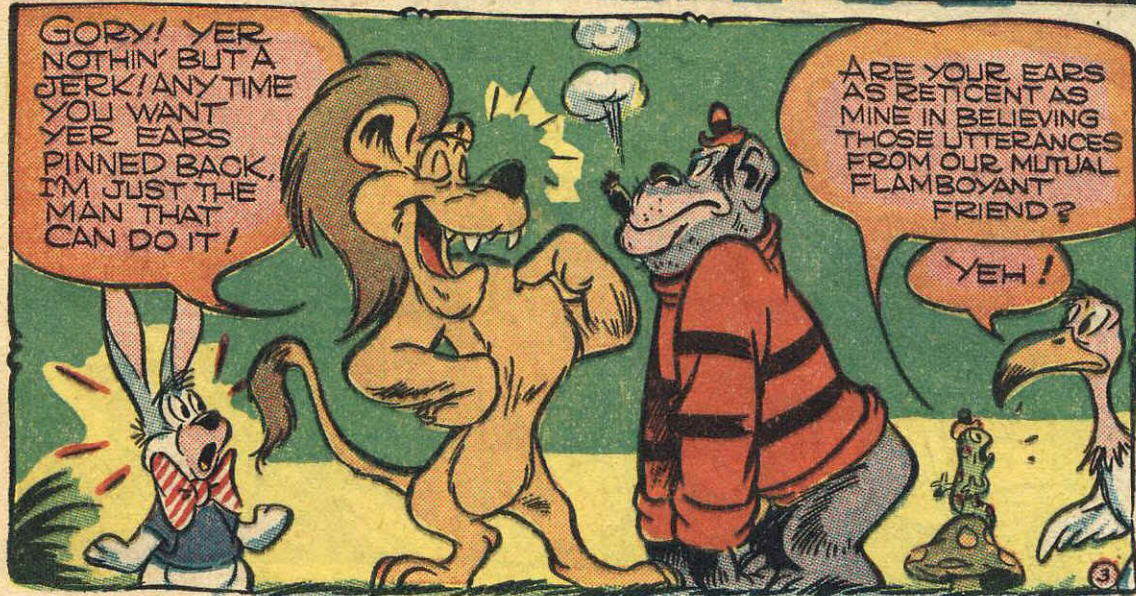


FOLLOW ME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW I'LL TELL THAT BIG APE OFF!

THIS I GOTTA SEE!

I CAN ONLY ACCOUNT FOR HIS BEHAVIOR ON THE THEORY THAT EGOMANIACS OFTEN WILFULLY BRING ABOUT THEIR OWN WOEFUL PLIGHTS!

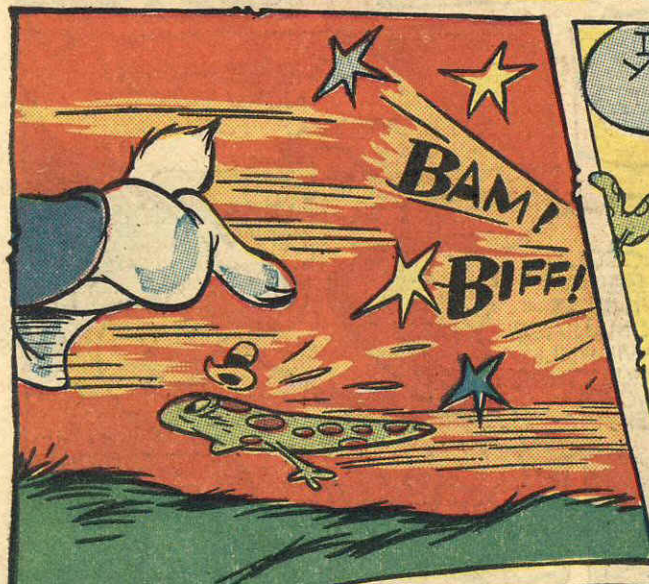
THERE HE IS! NOW WATCH ME!

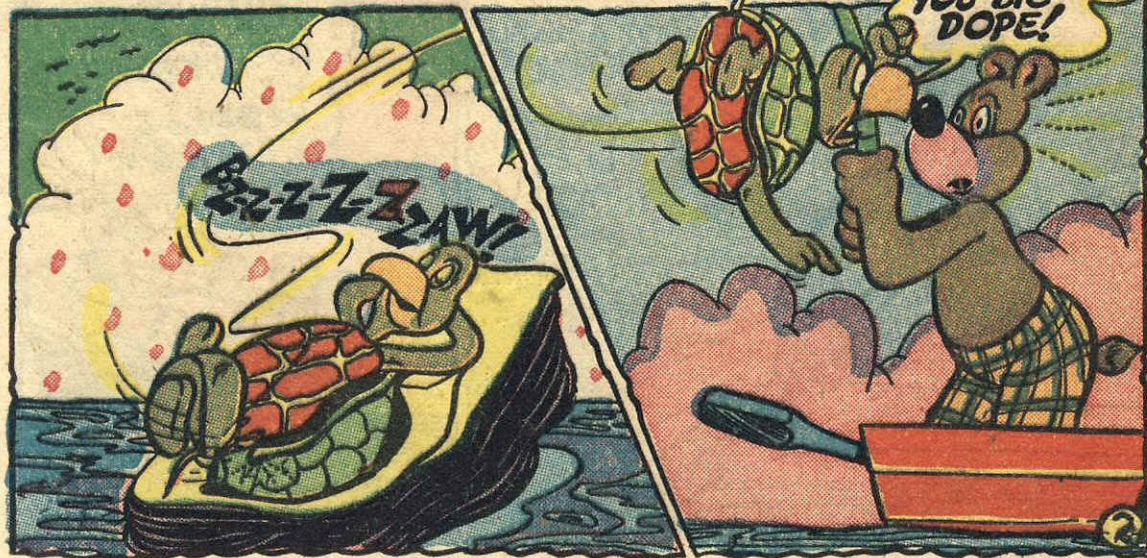
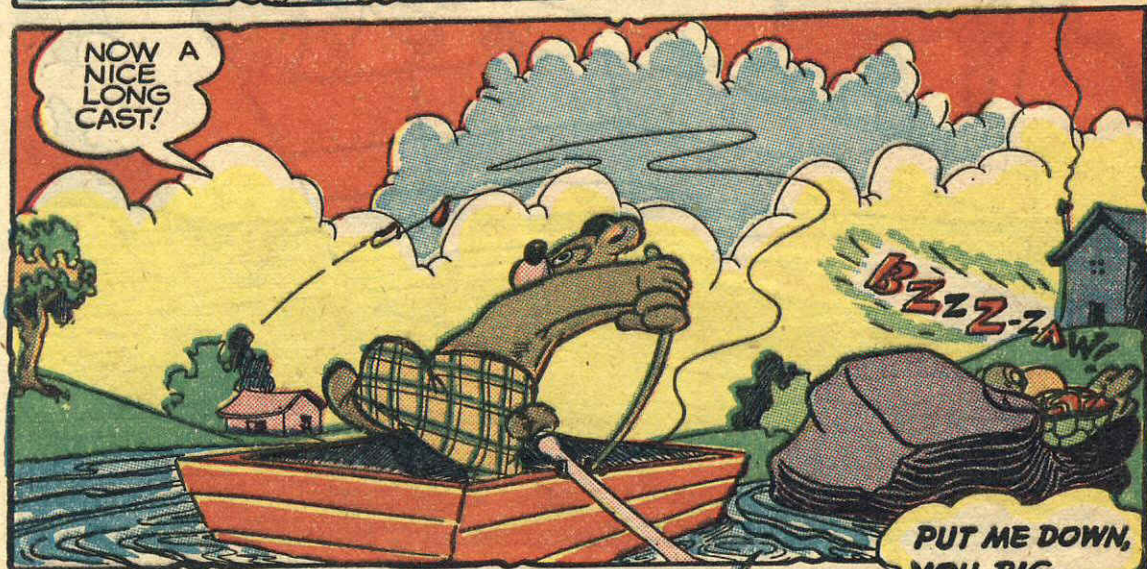
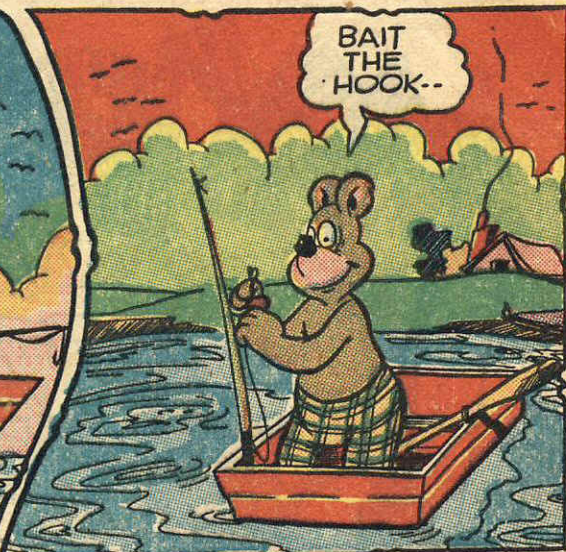
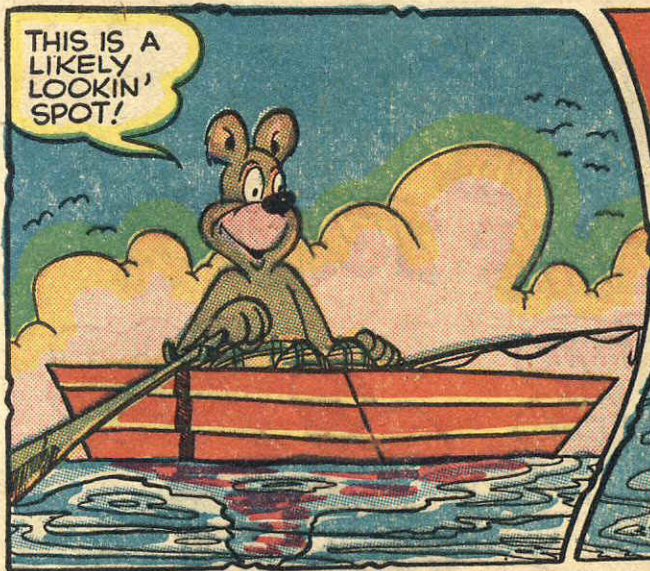


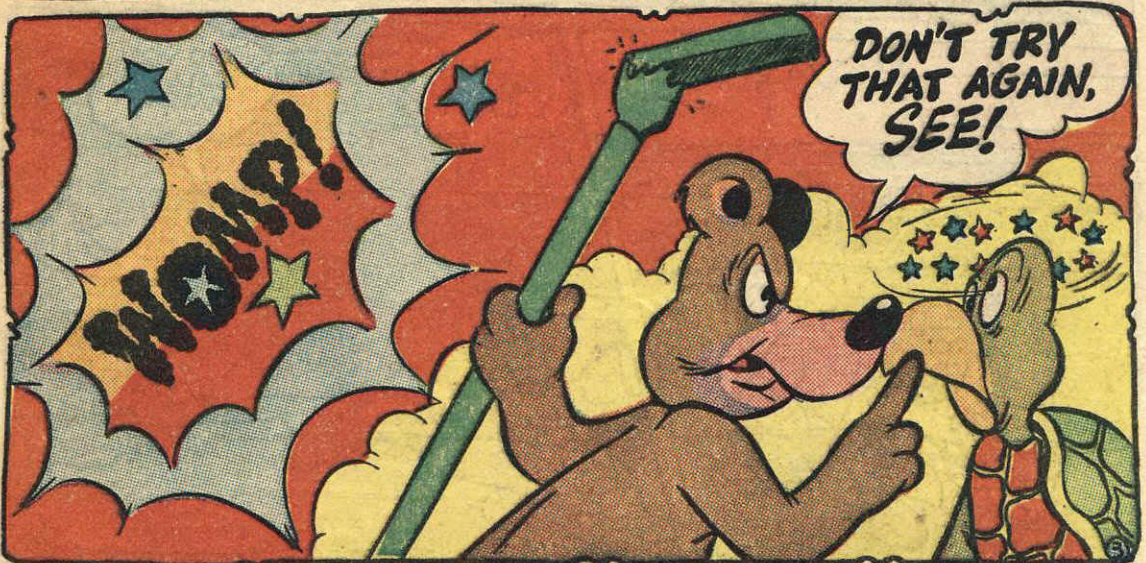
GORY! YER NOTHIN' BUT A JERK! ANYTIME YOU WANT YER EARS PINNED BACK, I'M JUST THE MAN THAT CAN DO IT!

ARE YOUR EARS AS RETICENT AS MINE IN BELIEVING THOSE UTTERANCES FROM OUR MUTUAL FLAMBOYANT FRIEND?

YEH!







WOE IS ME!
I GOTTA
FIND A
WAY OUT--

THERE IS A WAY
OUT! HELP ME
CATCH FISH! I
DON'T CARE MUCH
FOR TURTLE STEAK!

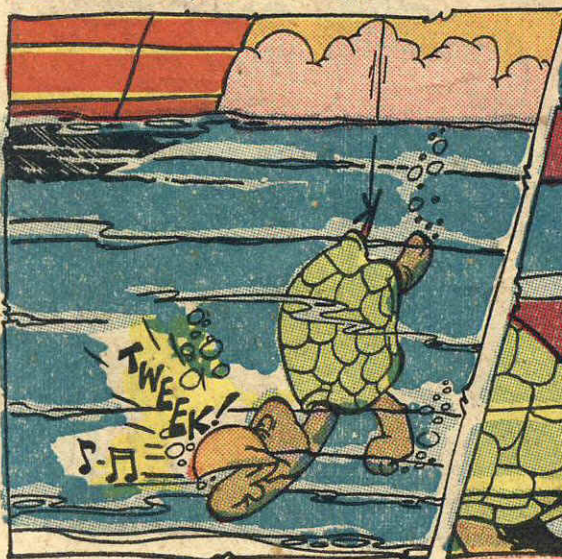
OH! NOW, I'M NOT GOOD
ENOUGH FOR
YA, HUH?

WOT AM I
SAYIN'?
SURE--
I'LL HELP
YA!

NOW YOU'RE
TALKIN' SENSE!
TURN AROUND
A SECOND--

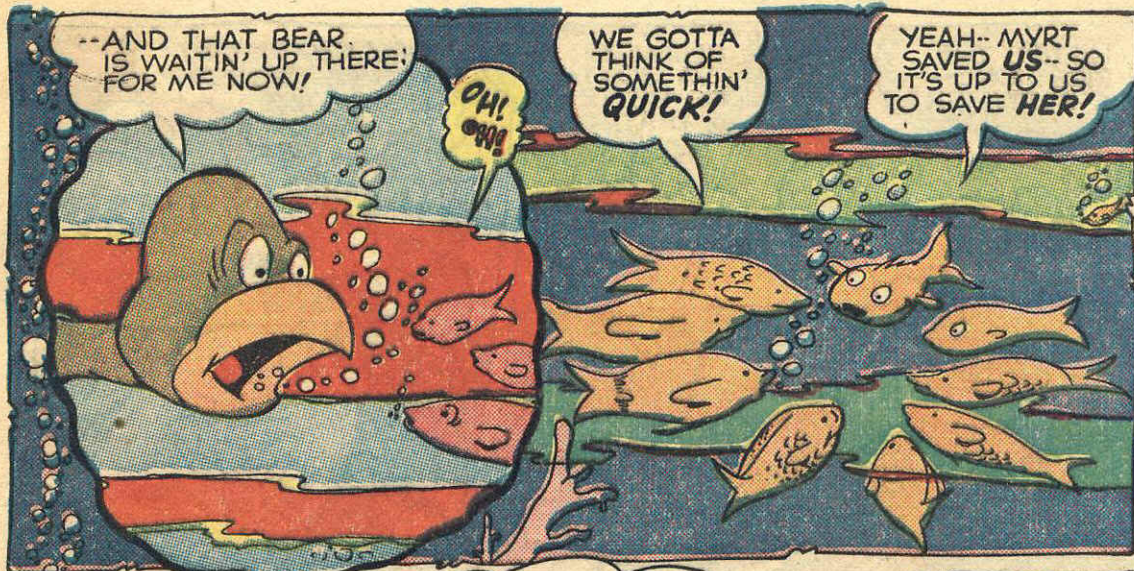
YOU'D BETTER
CATCH A GOOD
MESS, FOR
YOUR OWN
GOOD!

I'M
GONNA
HATE
MYSELF
FOR THIS!



I CAN'T
DO IT--
I CAN'T--

DID YOU
CALL US,
MYRT?

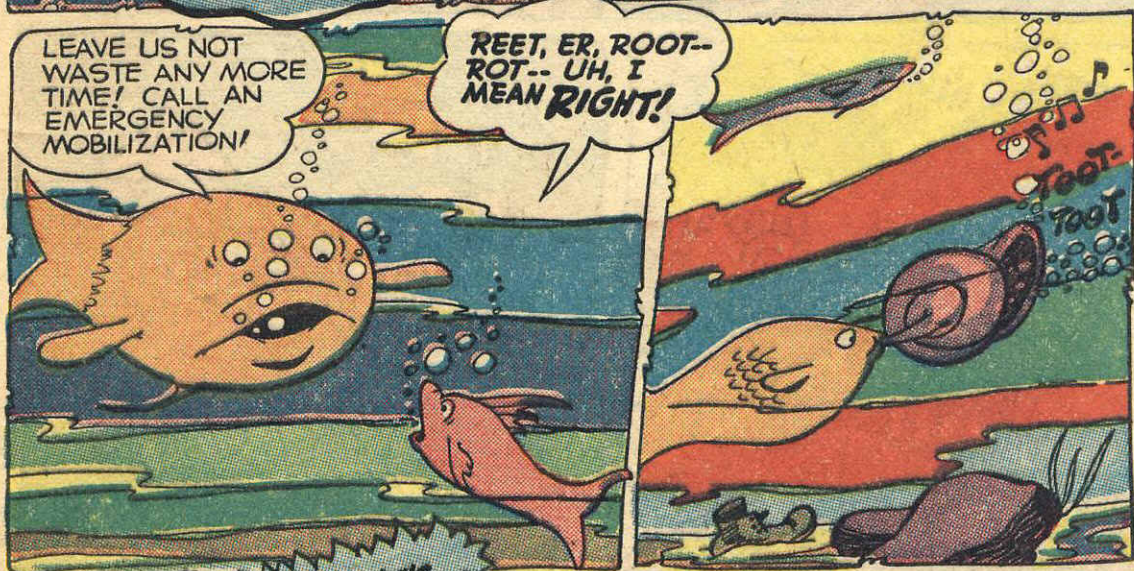


--AND THAT BEAR
IS WAITIN' UP THERE!
FOR ME NOW!

WE GOTTA
THINK OF
SOMETHIN'
QUICK!

YEAH-- MYRT
SAVED **US**-- SO
IT'S UP TO **US**
TO SAVE **HER!**

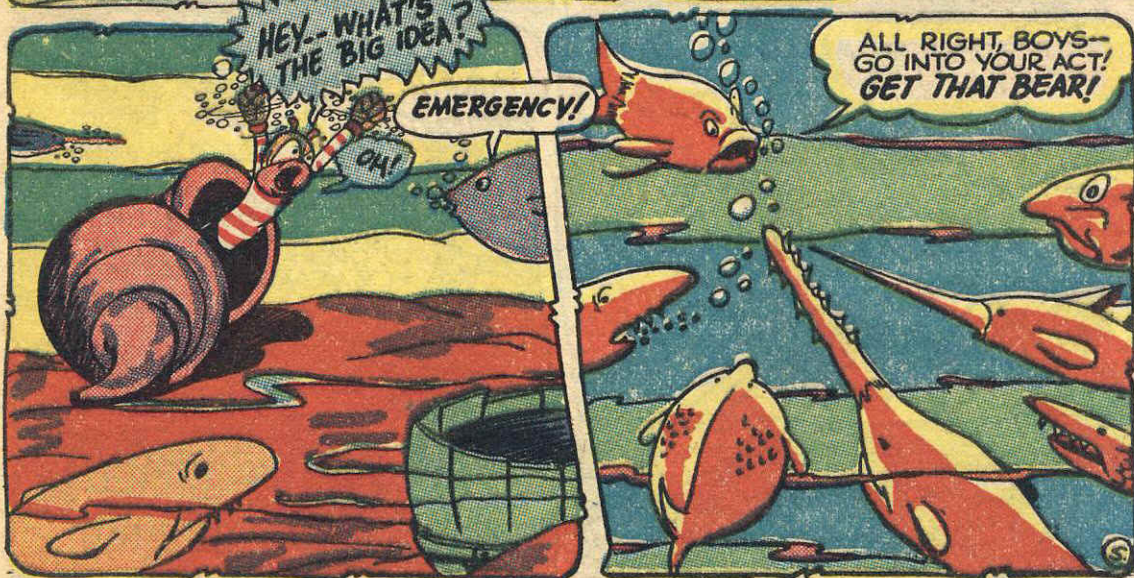
OH!
OH!



LEAVE US NOT
WASTE ANY MORE
TIME! CALL AN
EMERGENCY
MOBILIZATION!

REET, ER, ROOT--
ROT-- UH, I
MEAN **RIGHT!**

Foot-
Foot

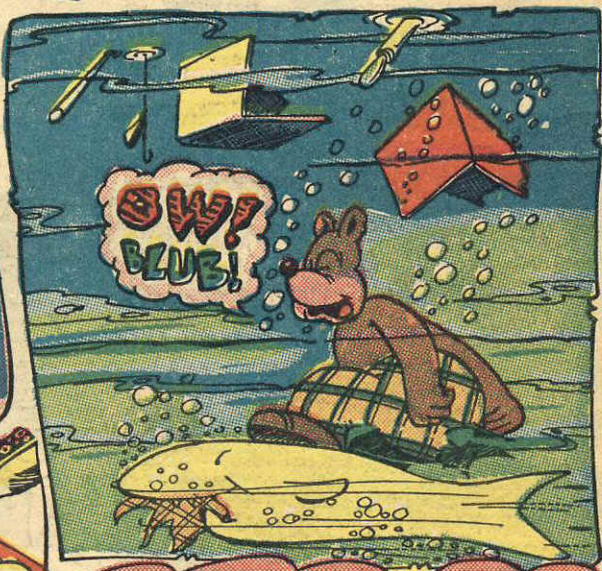
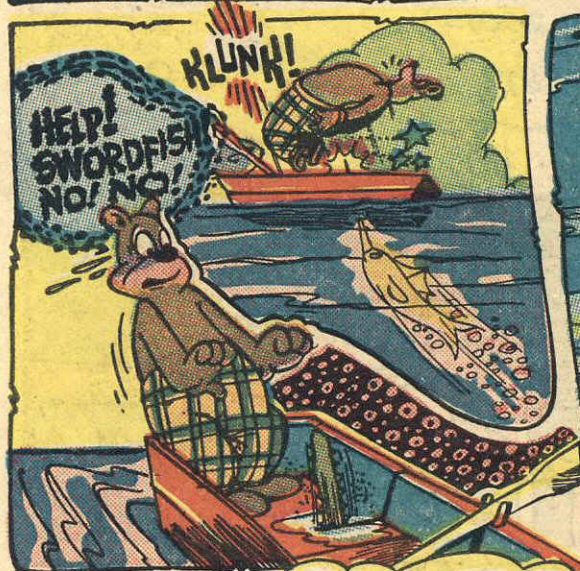
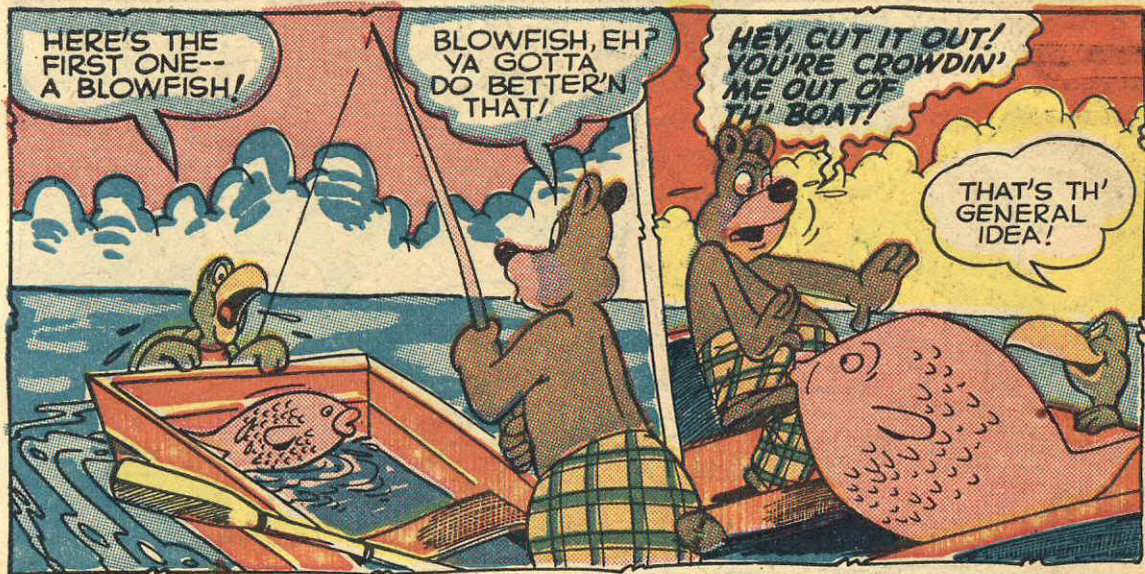


HEY-- WHAT'S
THE **BIG IDEA?**

EMERGENCY!

OH!

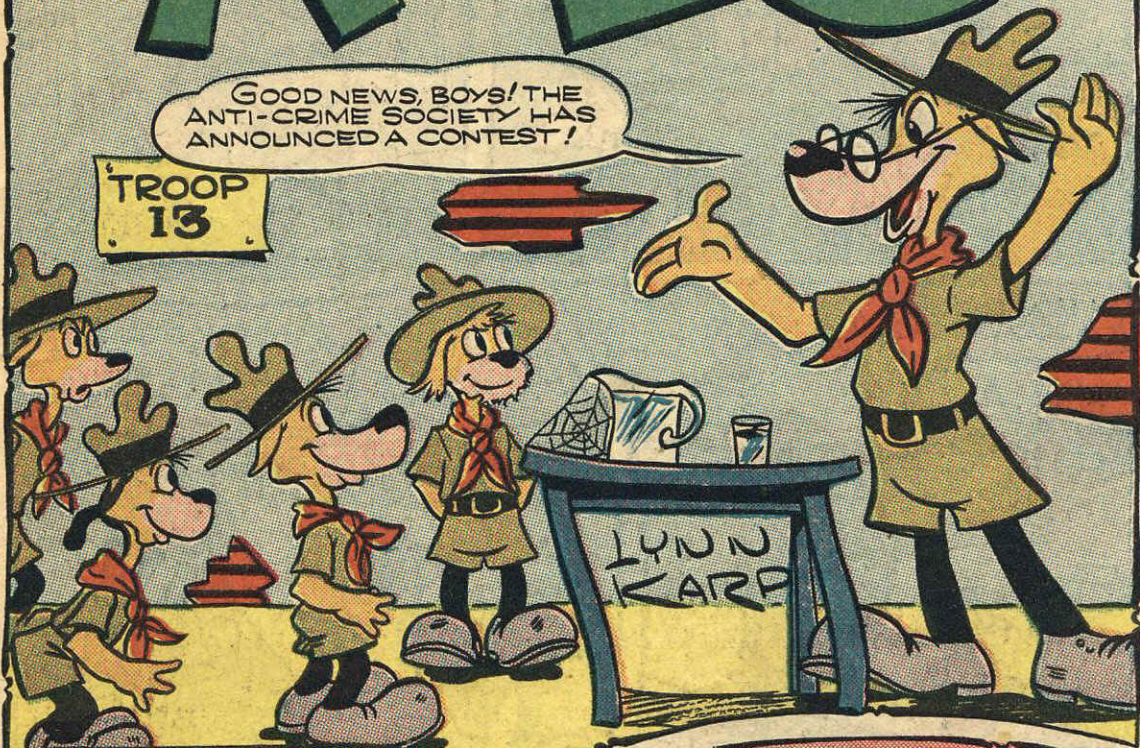
ALL RIGHT, BOYS--
GO INTO YOUR ACT!
GET THAT BEAR!



ALEC

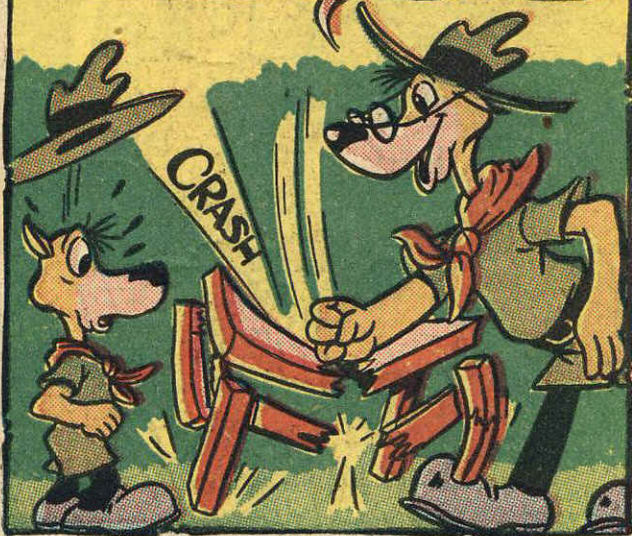
GOOD NEWS, BOYS! THE
ANTI-CRIME SOCIETY HAS
ANNOUNCED A CONTEST!

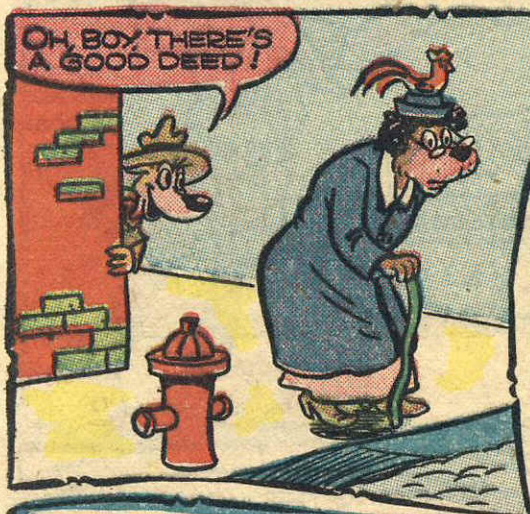
TROOP
13

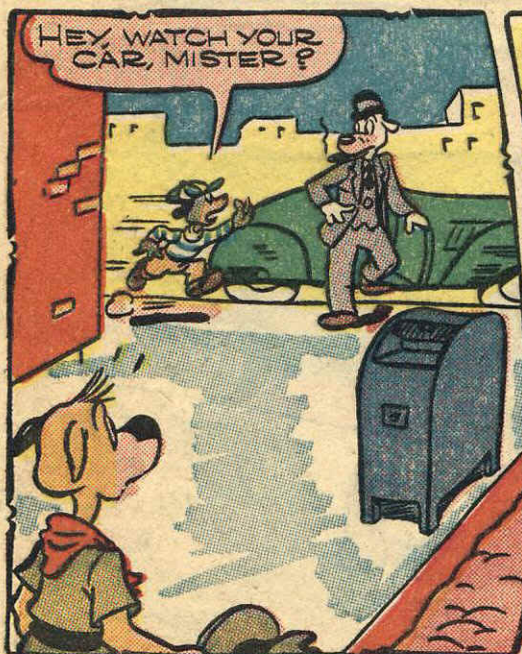
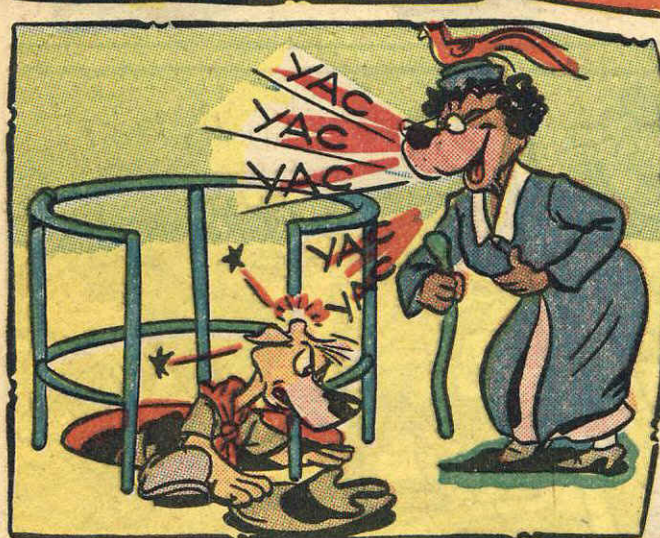
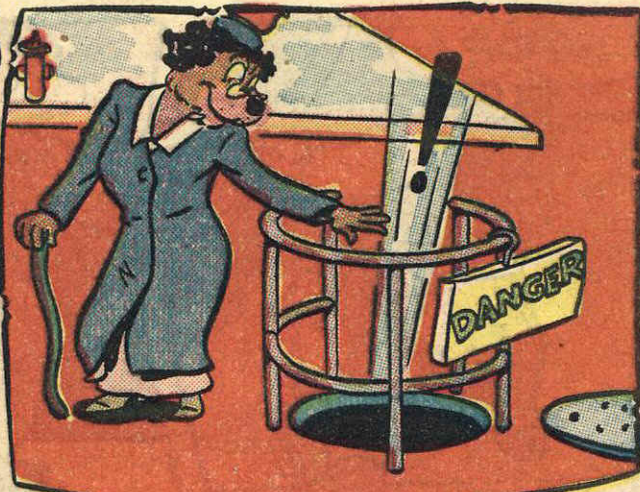


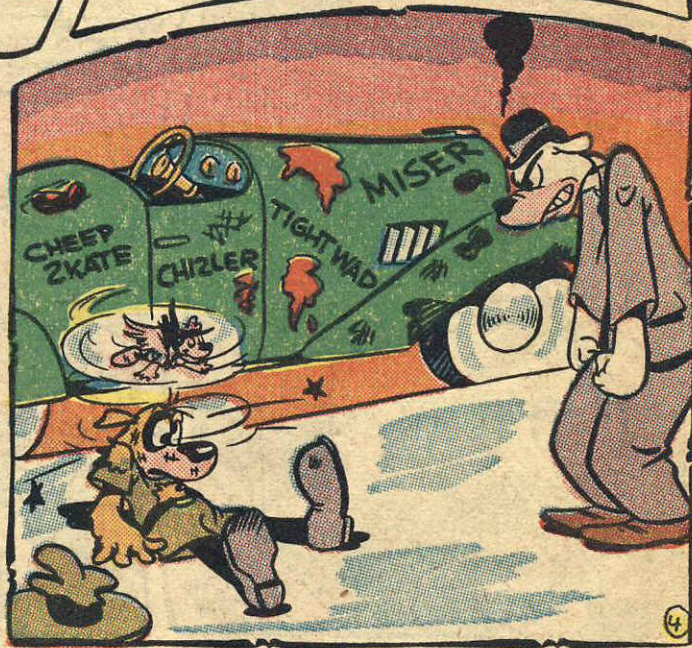
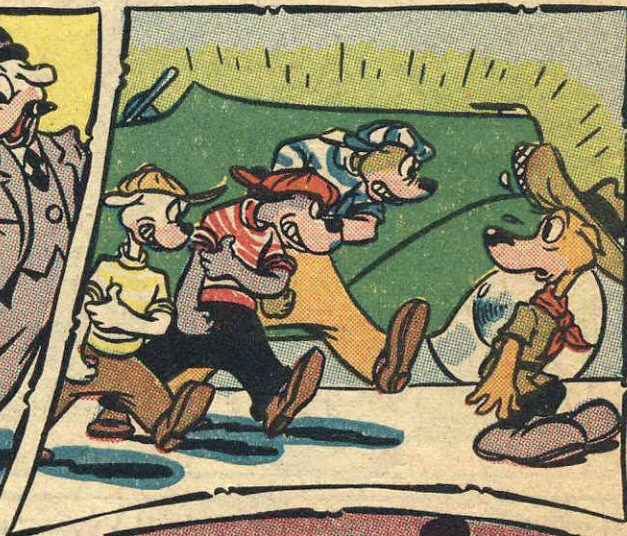
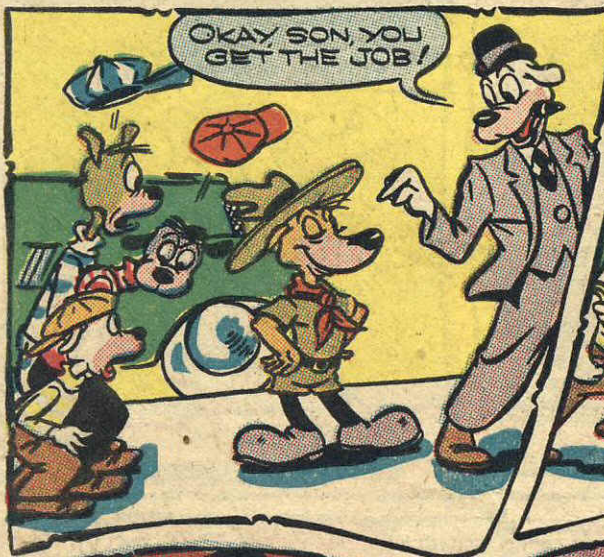
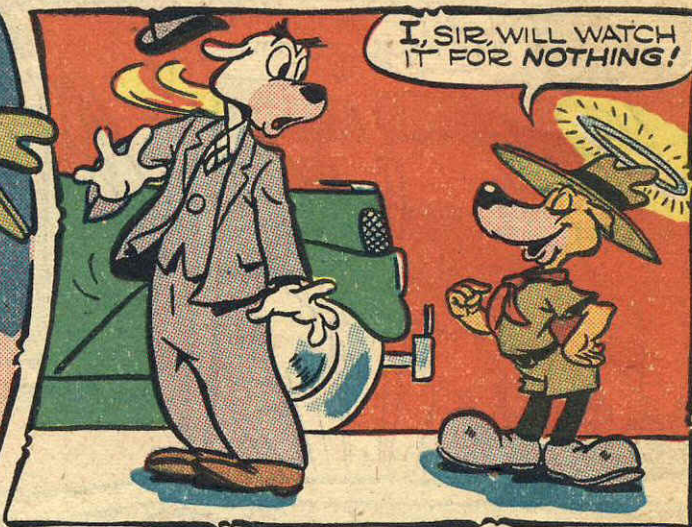
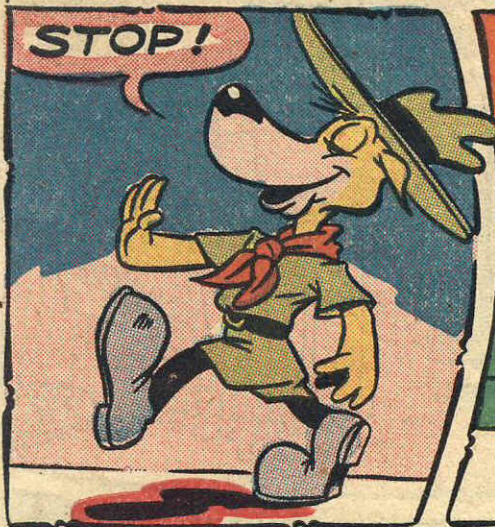
IT WILL TURN OVER ITS
FORMER HEADQUARTERS FOR
A CLUB ROOM TO THE
SCOUT TROOP —

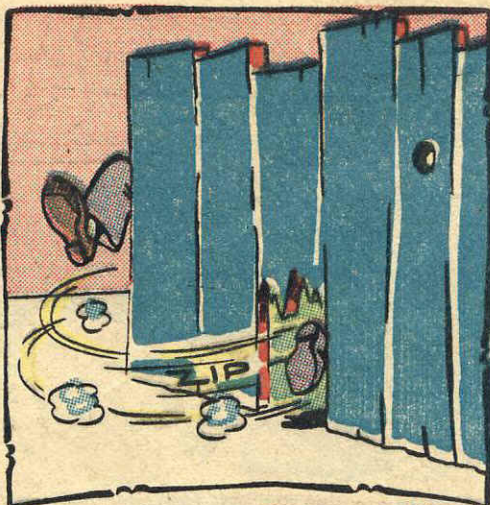
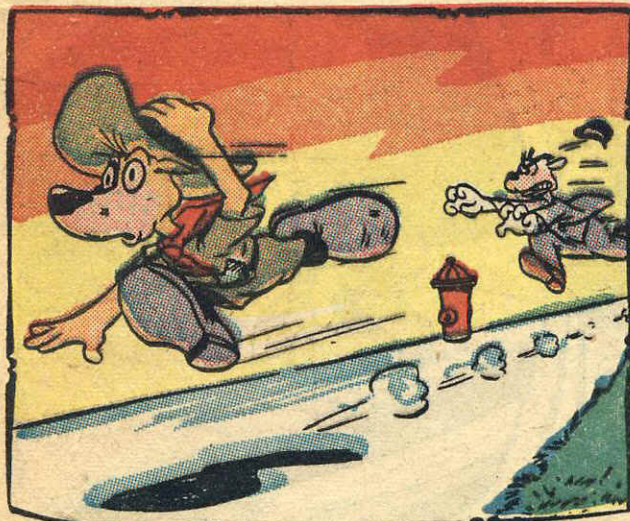
— DOING THE MOST
GOOD DEEDS TODAY-AND
THAT TROOP MUST BE TROOP 13!

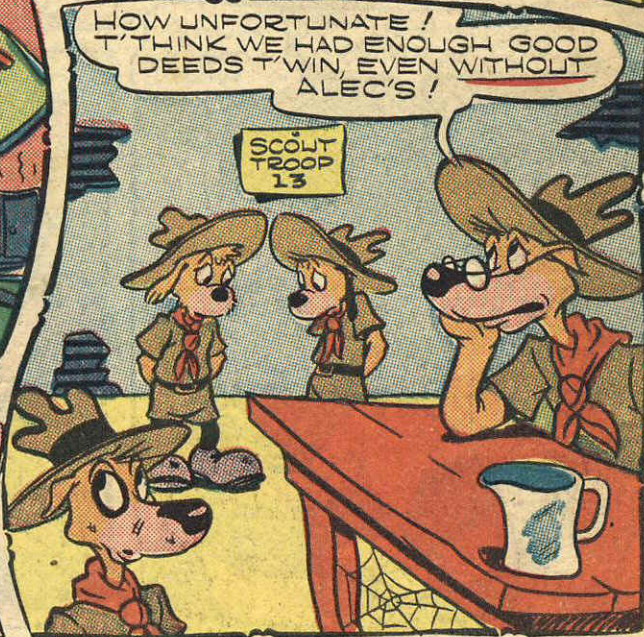
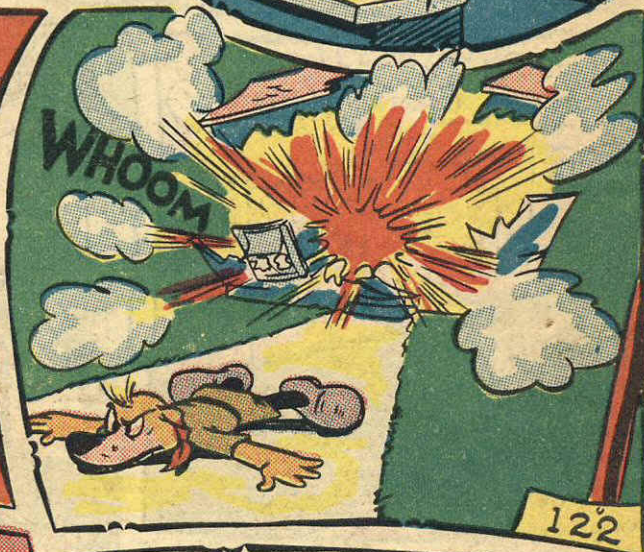
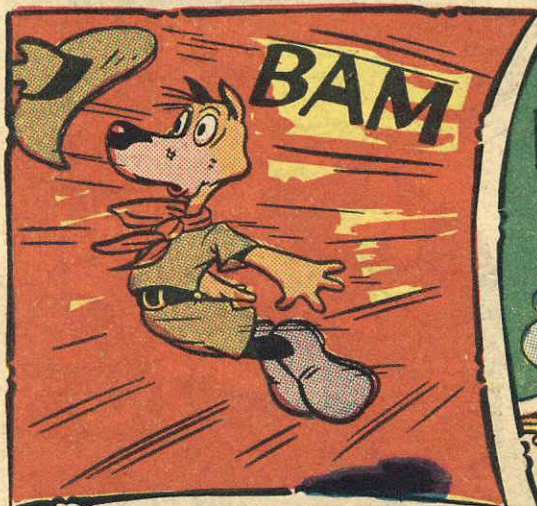
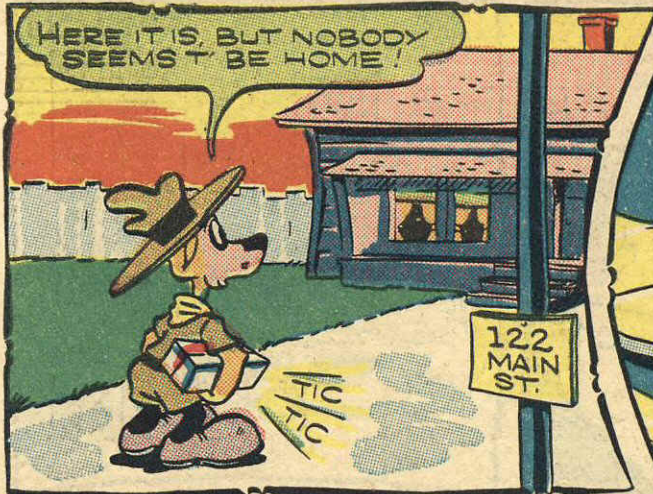














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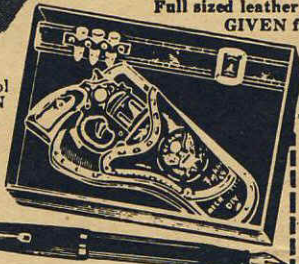
6 TEASPOONS



SEND TODAY

Full sized leather billfold.

GIVEN for selling 5 boxes of 1 order.



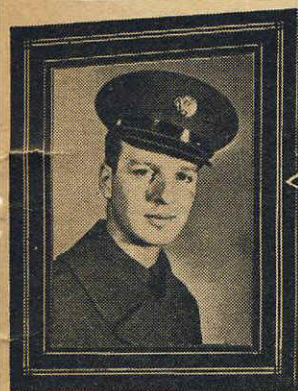
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— Charles Atlas

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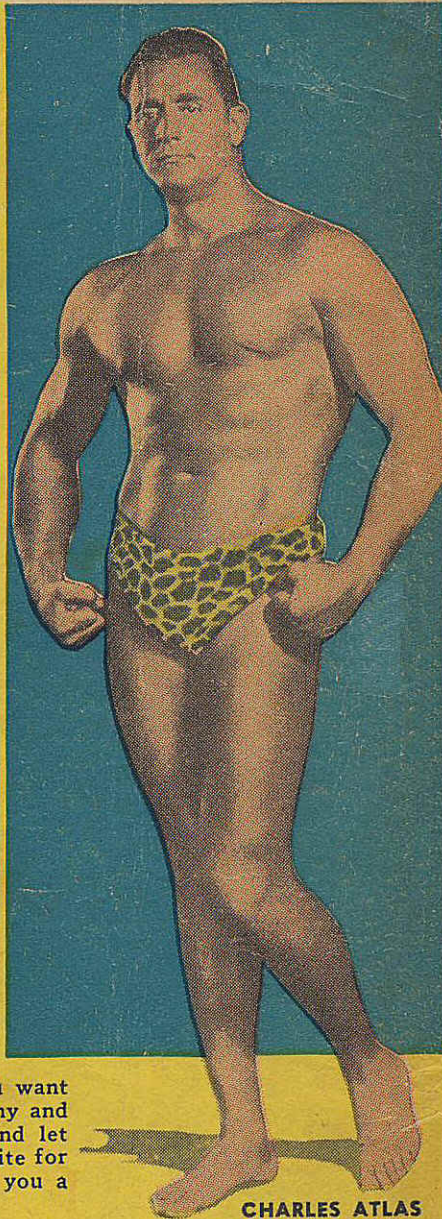
Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," and "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

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Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept 2189, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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Check here ☐ for booklet "A" if under 16 years of age.